NOW AND THEN

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services/Institute for Appalachian Affairs

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Photo courtesy of G. B. and Mary Chiltoskey

Will and Charlotte Hornbuckle Chiltoskey (which means falling blossom in Cherokee) and their children Watty (standing) and Goingback, on the Qualla Boundary, 1910. The boys grew up to be renowned wood-carvers.

CHEROKEES

Guest Editor

Mary Chiltoskey

$2.50

From the Editor

Pat Arnow

Before the first outsiders moved to the Southeast, the Cherokees had been the principal people of the Appalachian region for over a thousand years. President Andrew Jackson, in his eagerness for the government to acquire vast tracts of land, played a major role in the decimation of the Cherokees in the 1830's. The renowned Cherokee warrior Junaluska later said that he regretted he didn't kill Jackson instead of helping him win the Battle of Horseshoe Bend (against the Creeks) in 1814. An East Tennessee hero, Davy Crockett, opposed his fellow Tennessean's plan for Cherokee removal. It was a stand that helped Crockett lose an election to Congress.

But it was the Cherokee people who paid the highest price for the vote to remove them forcibly to Oklahoma. In 1838, 17,000 Indians, escorted by federal troops, began the trek across country. During the journey that became known as the Trail of Tears, 4,000 children, women and men died.

Some 1,000 stayed behind: some had been left undisturbed because they were too old for the trip, some hid in the mountains, some were protected by William H. Thomas, a white man who tried for years to acquire land and benefits for the Cherokees. Those few who stayed were granted the official right to remain by the North Carolina legislature in 1866.

There is a legend of a hero who made it possible. After the removal, before beginning the difficult task of rounding up the remaining Indians to be taken to Oklahoma, authorities made an offer to the Cherokees. The Indians could stay if Tsali, a fugitive who had killed two soldiers, was brought to justice. For the sake of his people, Tsali surrendered and was executed.

Every summer Tsali's noble deed is celebrated in an outdoor drama, "Unto These Hills" performed in Cherokee, North Carolina. The Tsali story, taken from a program of "Unto These Hills," appears on page 15. For the historical account, which is more mundane, though probably closer to the facts (but whoever said that facts and truth had to be exactly the same?) can be found in **The Eastern Band of the Cherokees,** a thoughtful history by John R. Finger which is reviewed on p. 29 by Wiliam Anderson.

The hardy people who stubbornly remained in their homeland became The Eastern Band of the Cherokees, a separate body from the majority of Cherokees who moved to Oklahoma (and became the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma). Most of the Eastern Band lived on lands that had been acquired for them by Thomas. Since 1876 this land, called the Qualla Boundary, has been held in trust by the United States government in common with the Tribe with possessory holdings issued to individuals. There are 56,573 acres scattered over five mountainous North Carolina counties bordering the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The Council of the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Indians governs the holdings and all other affairs (except criminal) within the boundary.

Many people in the mountains claim Cherokee ancestry. But the actual enrollment (the official listing) in the Eastern Band of the Cherokees is a small group of 8,822 with nearly 3,000 living outside of the Qualla Boundary. The Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma is much larger with 53,097 members, 30,000 of them living in their 14 counties. From the time of the removal in 1838, the two groups had no formal ties until 1984 when 20,000 people met at Red Clay, Tennessee.

Marilou Awiakta, whose work is featured on pages 20-23 was there, and described it in an article that appeared in Southern Exposure's "Indians of the South" issue. "This place is sacred ground, hallowed ground, a place that remembers. It was here in 1837 that the last council met, faced with the federal government's adamant demand that ancestral lands be relinquished; here in 1838 that federal troops began the Removal, the Trail of Tears that divided the people into what is now the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma and the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Indians. . ."

After the Removal, through the remainder of the 19th century and on into the 20th, the Cherokees of the East were encouraged to join the dominant culture. Christianity spread as did the English language. The Cherokees adapted. A first-hand account of the process of change and adaptation appears in this issue, in the autobiography of Aggie Ross Lossiah, who tells the story of growing up in the 1880's through the turn of the century (pages 5-7).

In the 20th century, with the advent of modern schools, the Cherokee tongue began to fade from use. For two generations Cherokee students were punished for reading and writing in their own language. (An ingenious, easy to use Cherokee syllabary invented by Sequoyah in 1821 had made writing in the language fairly widespread.)

Today, the Eastern Band of the Cherokee has adapted to the dominant culture yet has retained some of the old ways. Cherokee children learn to speak and write in their native language as well as in English. Ancient crafts of basketweaving, pottery, and woodcarving are practiced with pride. The Oconaluftee Village has been set up in Cherokee to demonstrate these and other native crafts to visitors.

In fact, the interested outsider may be helping the Cherokees maintain their lively culture. Tourism is the number one (and almost the only) industry on the Qualla Boundary. From one quarter million to two million tourists visit each year.

The visitors have a choice. They can skim the surface of Cherokee, buying souvenirs that were actually made in Hong Kong and posing for snapshots with "Indian Chiefs" wearing "authentic" costumes (though most of their gear is reminiscent of the Plains Indians—"It's what the tourists expect," says Mary Chiltoskey).

Or they can visit the Cherokee Museum with its exhibits and history that give a real idea of Cherokee culture. They can see the Oconaluftee village, which is a living replica of a Cherokee community of 1750. They can buy authentic, beautiful crafts from the Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc. and from some of the other shops in Cherokee. They can see the play "Unto These Hills," and they can appreciate the setting of the Smokies and the beauty of the people.

Actually, either approach will help the Cherokee, most of the businesses in both cases are owned and operated by Indians. But visiting the latter attractions might lead to a bit more understanding and appreciation of an unusual, interesting, dignified culture. So, I hope, will reading these pages.

This is the first issue on which I worked as editor. I would like to thank guest editor, Mary Chiltoskey, who compiled much of the writing in these pages, G.B. Chiltoskey for being a charming host, Pat Swan for her typing, photos and information and Tom Gilmartin for letting me dig through his notes and photos on arts and crafts. These folks and The Center for Appalachian Studies and Services staff—Director Richard Blaustein, scholar-in-residence Bill Cook, and secretary Carolyn Cerrito—have also helped to make this a most interesting, challenging and enjoyable experience.

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From the Director

Richard Blaustein

Our mountains and rivers bear the names they gave them—Watauga, Unaka, Hiwassee, Nolichuckey. Nearly every day, farmers and road construction crews turn up tangible evidence of their ancient stewardship of this land in the form of beads, blades and potsherds. Many descendents of settlers and slaves proudly claim them as ancestors, yet today they are only a tiny minority, preserving what is meaningful in their past while trying to make the best of an increasingly complex, incessantly changing present. They still remember how to play their time-honored stickball game; venerable skills like making baskets and blowguns have not been forgotten. Nonetheless, English may come more easily to their tongue today than Cherokee; most days they eat more burgers and biscuits and gravy than bean dumplings or hickory nut soup. Along with other tribes, they debate the pros and cons of allowing bingo and other games of chance on their tax-exempt reservation lands, adjusting to changing times and seasons, striving for balance between tradition and innovation just as their forebears did.

In some ways the Cherokee people are the most Appalachian of all Appalachians, not only because they have been here the longest but also because they have had the longest experience in trying to find a happy middle ground between preserving a distinctive cultural identity while adapting to the demands and pressures of the outside world. Despite the agony of the Trail of Tears and the unspeakable hardships of a marginal lifestyle, the Cherokee have survived and endured. They have shown the rest of us that it is possible to maintain the core elements of tradition which make life meaningful and coherent and adopt what is useful and positive in other cultures without being entirely swallowed up by them. In this special issue of **Now and Then**, we approach a happy middle ground between traditional and contemporary modes of Cherokee experience and expression. The Cherokee still have a lot to share with us, and very clearly there is much that we can still learn from them.

With this issue, we begin the third year of **Now and Then**. What began as a promising idea has become a vivid, dynamic reality. The Center for Applachian Studies and Services at East Tennesse State University is demonstrating its potential to support worthwhile, innovative artistic, scholarly and public service activities focusing upon regional needs, issues and concerns. To continue this effort, we need your support. Again, we hope that you will support our efforts by becoming a Friend of CASS. Individual subscriptions to **Now and Then** are $7.50 per year for three issues; $10.00 for school and library subscriptions. Larger contributions will help support the work of the CASS Fellowship Program. Make your tax-deductible contribution payable to CASS/ETSU Foundation, c/o CASS, Box 191, 80A, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, TN 37614-0002. Once again, stay with us.

The traditional ball game of the Cherokees was a large, festive event. In this pre-ball-game dance, women dancers are standing in a row behind the women's dance leader, who is seated with a drum. Ball sticks hang on a rack in front of the women. Ball-players (the men) are standing around the fire, and the men's dance leader is standing, shaking a gourd rattle. This photo was made by ethnologist James Mooney in 1888. The ball game is still played by the Cherokees.

Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives. Bureau of American Ethnology Collection. Photo No. 1044A

From The Reece Museum

Helen Roseberry

As Homecoming '86 commands the attention of Tennesseans everywhere, the Reece continues to be involved in ETSU's Homecoming project, its 75th Anniversary celebration. Our programming throughout the year has aimed toward the Homecoming '86 focus, heritage and tradition, beginning with the exhibition, "Hand in Hand Through the Years," in December of 1985. We have presented a variety of exhibitions in keeping with the spirit of celebration, dealing both with our heritage as a department of East Tennessee State University and with our history as Tennesseans.

Beyond our exhibitions program, we have assumed a significant role, campus-wide, in this, ETSU's diamond jubilee. Serving as chair of the 75th anniversary program committee, I have experienced the celebration from the front row. I have been extremely impressed with the eagerness and energy with which the university community has entered into the spirit of "tradition and vision," the anniversary theme.

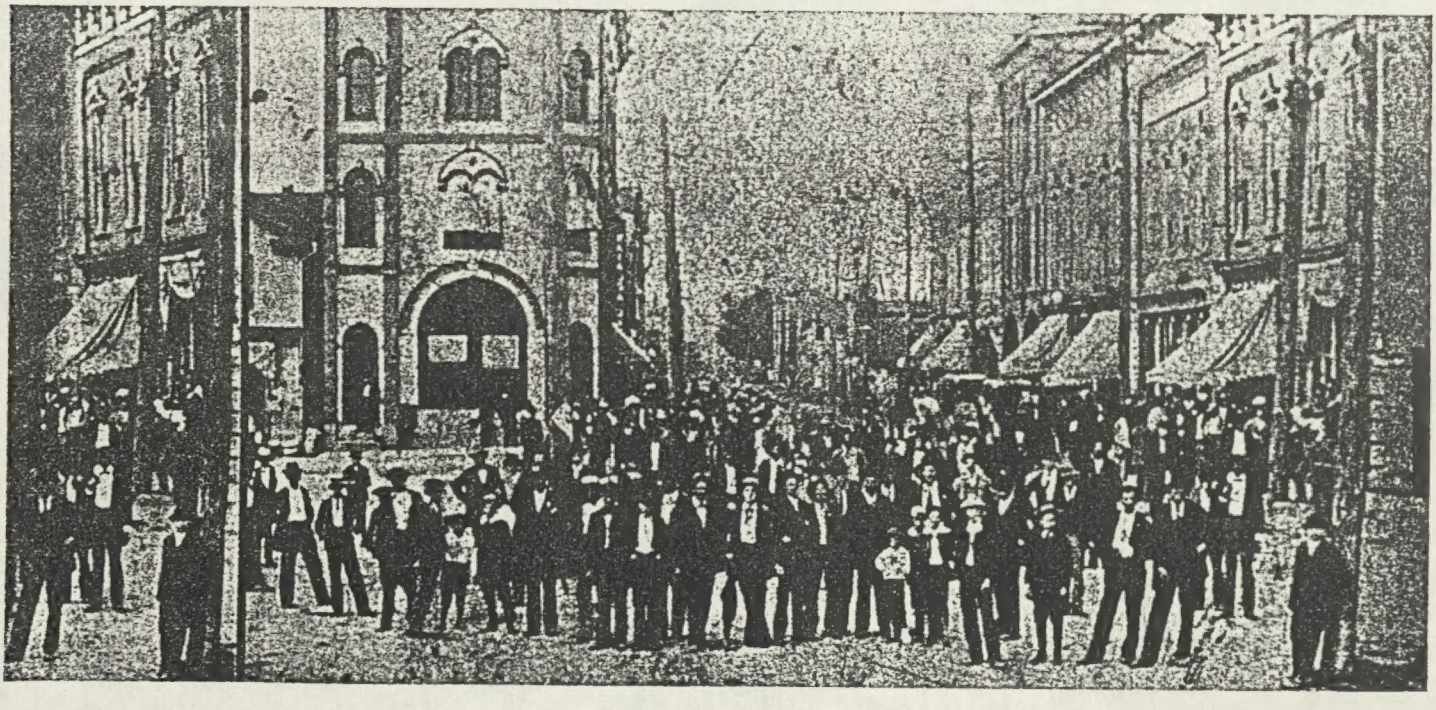
The anniversary celebration culminated on October 10, the date which marks the end of our 75th year; however, the Reece continues to salute the state of Tennessee throughout the remainder of 1986.

Our "Tennessee Celebrates" is a multi-media exploration of the uniqueness with which Tennesseans find reasons to get together. This exhibition, sponsored by 1st Tennessee Bank, ends its tour of the state here in November and is one of the highlights of the year. Our final exhibition of 1986 will be "A Homecoming Christmas," which opens to the public on November 30. In addition to the exhibition itself, entertainment will be a daily feature, spotlighting the finest performers from throughout the area.

Participating in Tennessee Homecoming '86 has served as a reminder to me that the nature of our area of Appalachia just might be a well-kept secret—except to those of us who live here. Maybe that's the way it should be.

From The Archives

Ellen Garrison



Recently the Sherrod Library purchased its first stereograph for the Archives of Appalachia. A stereograpic scene is a pair of photographic prints of the same scene mounted next to each other on a card, which produces a three-dimensional image when viewed through a stereoscope. These views were popular from about 1858 to 1920. Many families kept a stereoscope and cases of views—often velvet-lined—in the parlor and spent Sunday afternoons "touring" Europe or the West through the stereoscope.

Dated approximately 1896, the archives' view (above) shows a downtown Johnson City scene which includes a crowd of citizens, the railroad tracks and several buildings on Fountain Square. Comments printed on the back depict a city of "delightful climate and a moderate temperature" with stores, industries, water works, eight churches and "five brick schools with thirteen competent teachers" and predict that Johnson City will become "the future summer and winter resort of the South" as well as "the natural and only available center and distributing point" for forty towns and nine counties in the region.

The Story of My Life As far Back as I Remember

Aggie Ross Lossiah written in her hand about 1960

edited by Joan Greene

Aggie Ross Lossiah, daughter of Joe and Cornelia Ross and great granddaughter of Pricipal Chief John Ross, was born December 22, 1880. She and her brother, Hossiah, spent their growing-up years in east Tennessee with their maternal grandparents, Jessie and Sela Techeskee. This is the story of those growing-up years as Aggie wrote it. For the first few years of her life Aggie spoke only the Cherokee language, and her formal education consisted of four years at the Cherokee Training School. To facilitate reading I have inserted dashes where there was no punctuation in the original manuscript. Otherwise, this is Aggie's story in her words.

"We Were Just Wanders"

In 1960 the 80 year old Aggie Ross Lossiah told her friend Mary Chiltoskey that she would write down everything she could remember "if you get me one of those books with the wire running through it." The spiral bound notebook was provided and the Cherokee woman began her memoirs, writing in pencil, filling all the pages, front and back, with stories of her childhood in the mountains of East Tennessee. When she turned the notebook over to Mary Chiltoskey, she allowed as how she hadn't gotten very far, but she figured that everyone knew the rest of the story anyway.

Though she doesn't mention it in this memoir, for three years of her childhood, Aggie Ross's family lived in a cave. She told Mary Chiltoskey that she thought it remarkable that she had gone from that primitive life to modern times working for people who had indoor plumbing, electricity and running water.

She lived in a time when the white way of life—with its private property, patriarchy and Christianity—was becoming the norm in ancient Cherokee lands. She accepted and adapted to this new culture, working as a domestic most of her life. Yet she retained and passed on much Cherokee culture. She knew and used local plants for medicine. She was a wise woman, a storyteller, a traditional cook.

Much of what she wrote in the autobiography of her early life had to do with her family's many journeys with detailed descriptions of long trips walking over the Smokies. It was the journeys, not the people or places where she lived, that were highlights. The story presented here is approximately one quarter of the original manuscript.

when I was 3 years old I remember my brother and I and my great grand pa we were walking down the road one day -- And a white man came rideing down the road and over took us and he picked us children up with him on his mule and we rode with him until we came to where we were going -- And he let us down and we walked on then to where grand pa and grand ma were camped by the river down at the mouth of a creek they called Citco creek near the [Little] Tennessee river -- And first I remember we were with them where they had them a shelter built there with four posts up and poles a cross the forked posts and had cane splits on top for a roof to keep us dry and cane leaves too -- and we all stayed under there and our bed was cane leaves but we were in the dry.

I remember when we still lived at the mouth of the creek I used to wander around the corn field at the mound and gather Indian beads in the field and carry them in my hand and go back to the shelter where we lived and grand ma would give me some thread to string the beads on.

I used to go a cross the creek to the white folkses house -- grand ma would go with me and I would play with there children. And they would have the best food to eat like sausage and meat that I thought was the best I every eat and good bicutes and corn bread too -- but I never drank milk because I never had any at home to learnd to drink milk -- grand ma would carry some baskets to exchange for food and when they gave her the food we would go home and wade over the creek again -- that is the way we traveled them days when I was small --

then one day a white man came from over the river and he talked with my grand pa but I didn't know what he was saying -- But my grand pa he could talk English and he said for us to go over the river to his place -- there was a little cabin we could stay in -- we lived in the log cabin -- I dont know how long we stayed there but these folks were awful good people -- the mans name was Henry Harrison and he had a daughter -- her name was Maggie and after I got used to them I love to go to there house every day -- used to go to milk with Maggie and gather hen Eggs and pick up pea cock feather under the house. And Maggie would give me some things to eat. that is where I learnd to speak English -- I thought that was something great now -- I could speak English -- of course I made misstakes in pronounceing my words but that is where I started to talk English.

grand ma would make baskets and go peddlen and Brother and I and great grand pa would go with her. when my grand ma was making baskets she showed me how to make them -- And my grand pa made some chairs and he would take his chairs too to sell -- we went to Maryville Tenn. -- it was alittle town then -- that was as far as the train came then -- and I took my few baskets that I had made and I had enough to buy me a cotton dress and a few other little things at the store -- that was the first time I bought my self some thing my selfe by selling baskets that I made my selfe -- it took us all day to walk over to Maryville from where we lived -- the place where we lived they called Tallassee creek -- we lived up the creek from little Tennessee river on the other side of the river they called Caldwood Tenn --

when we moved away from Henrys place next I remember was at another place over on the other side of Tennessee river 3 or 4 miles up the river. that was at Mike Harrisons farm -- I used to go to the Harrisons home very often. he had a daughter Laura and a neice Mary Hensley and a son Morris Harrison -- Morris taught school and Mary would go to school with him. And when we children got used to them Mary would take us with her to school -- that is where I learned my letters and I could say my a.b.c. -- we learned off a chart -- Mary was sure good to us -- she took good care of us two children just like we were white children --

the next I remember is when I was six years old -- then our grand parents were going to send us to the Indian school a way up North Carolina they called yellow hill -- in Augst was the month we left home and as we went along the road I would stop to pick some black berrys to eat -- when we got to the school they took all three of us children up to school but they just kept us two -- our sister went back with Mother and grand ma -- I remember I wanted to go back too

but they left me crying -- and a white woman she took me by the hand and tried to make me stop crying -- she would spank me and I said how she expect me to stop crying when she spank me. And she stop spanking me -- then she got something for me to play with and took me out on the porch where they was some little girl to play with -- and this woman was the Supertends wife -- she was good too after that time. I used to comb her hair in the after noons when she would lie down to rest -- and I never saw my grand ma any more for four years --and she came after me to take me home back to Tennessee one fall in November the day before thanks given -- I didnt wont to go home --she just took me any way -- she took me by my hand and I went Jumping a long with her down the walk -- and the matron came out and called me back and for me to come get my clothes to wear home -- And she gave me one dress and under wear -- I got so lonesome before we got home I use to cry. My grand ma had a sister and we stoped at her home and stay awhile -- my grand mas sister had children but that didnt help me. I just cried any way -- then we went on to Tennessee to our home and it was night when we got home --

I didnt know that grand pa had moved away from Harrison place --next morning I looked around the place and we had moved to the foot of the mountains -- And that is where grand pa tended a little grist mill. there were not very many folks live around there -- just the family that let grand pa live on his place -- [his name was Jack Milligan]

one day grand ma went down to Moroneys house --that is another house down the creek from where we lived --and she hired grandma to wash for her and we used to go there often --one day she ask grand ma to split shucks for to put in bed ticks and I helped her do that --we would sit in the corn crib all day and split shucks until we would get enough to fill a bed tick --and that is the way I remember starteing to work then --Mrs Smith that was the womans name that we worked for and she would pay grand ma in some thing to eat meat or flour. meat was 10 ct a pound then and she would get about 50 ct worth a day.

this old man Moroneys neices and nephews they came that summer to the mountain home they called it there and would stay until time to go back to school. they were from the city --there home was in new orleans --

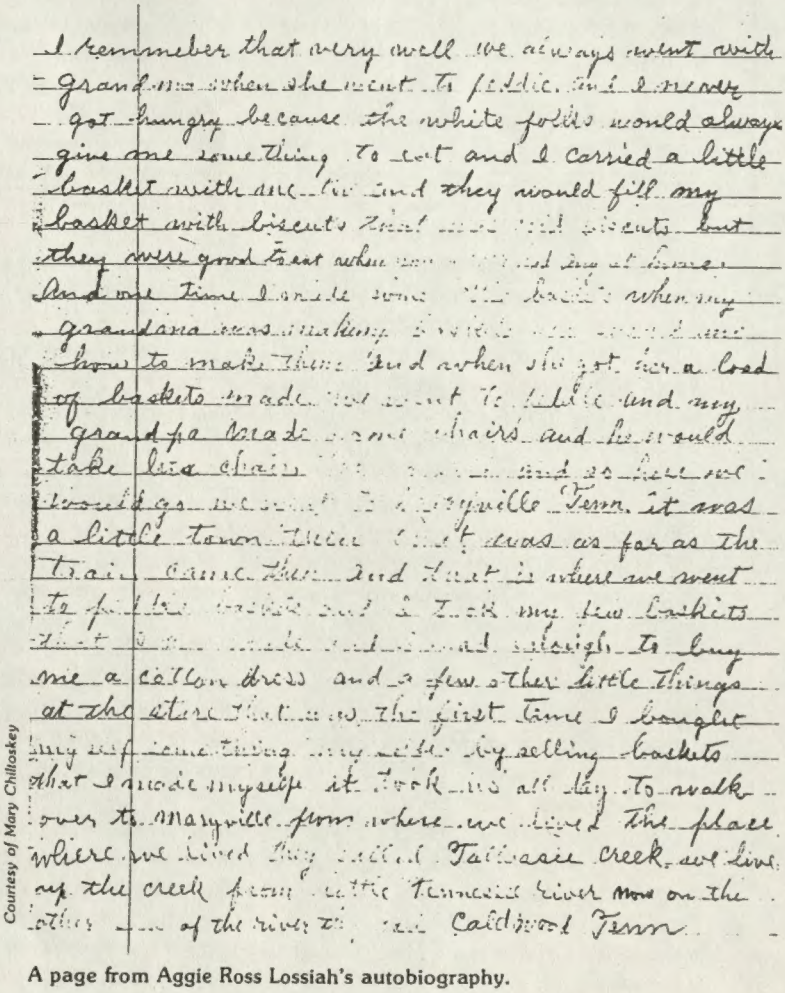
that is where I learned to milk the cow -- they just had one cow then and a pony and a horse to work but we used to ride him too -- he was gentle and good to handle -- that is why I love to ride him -- that is where I learnd to ride horse back -- and Mrs Smith use to send me after the mail about two miles to the post office. I would take the mail in the moring and in the eveing go after the mail -- that is what I did beside other chores to help Mrs Smith -- for my Keep she gave me a bed and what I eat. one summer Mrs Smith ask my grand ma to let me go with her daughter to the supher spring for the summer. and her daughter said she would pay me 25 ct a week to wash dishes and carry drinking water and water to cook with -- she started her boy Rosco and I a walking day before she would come. Rosco and I walked all day -- just think how far we had to go by ourselfes over the mountain but we got there just before sun down --

we all stayed six weeks there at the springs -- it was a fine place --that is where I made my first money I could spend and call my own --25 ct a week -- Miss Phi Smith would pay 25 pennys every friday and I saved it all be cause Mrs Smith wouldnt let me spend my money --then on monday morning she sent me to the store to buy some cloth and she told me how much to get -- calco and white cloth too -- and when I brought the cloth home she cut me a dress and told me to get busy and sew my dress -- we were going home on Saturday and she was going to give the children a party on friday Evening and I must have my dress made to wear that day -- And I sure did sew and got my dress made in time to wear it to the party and we had a party friday evening --

next morining we packed our belongeings and got ready to travel back over the mountain -- Miss Phi Smith she had her pony with us over at the springs and I rode her back home -- it was tiresome rideing all day but we got back home -- we had to ford the little Tennessee river -- we lived on the other side Just across the river. I was glad when we got over -- first time I ever rode horse back over the river -- I was scared -- I guess I could ride on dry land good as any one.

later on Mr. Moroney bought a pair of mules and they named them after the girls Mr Moroneys Neices --Katie an Agnes that was the mules names -- they pullied the hack when we went any where rideing on sunday evenings and later on he bought another mule just to ride -- I use to ride her and tend to her and she was gentle and I rode bare back a lot of times -- I use to take a turn of corn to mill and ride Rex that was her name. And the boys she didnt like -- she would throw them off when they rode her and she never did throw me.

I remember one fall Mr Moroney hired a man to bring a corn shereder up there to shered corn for him -- and we children around there never saw any thing like that and we thought that was some thing great -- watch it shuck corn and carried right in to the crib -- it was run by a big Engine and I didnt know that it would blow the whistle -- the man called me up close and said you watch right up there and you will see some thing -- and I went right close and was standing there by the



Courtesy of Mary Chilloskey

A page from Aggie Ross Lossiah's autobiography.

Engine looking -- he blew the whistle. I Jumped and then I ran in to the house -- every Body Laught be cause it scared me -- I wouldnt come back out there any more that day -- the man got through working and left and I was glad when they went home -- this mans name was Josh Jones -- he lived down the river. my grand pa knew him -- I guess grand pa Knew a lot of white folks in Tennessee -- they all seemed to know him.

grand pa would go to the mill and grind corn for the people around the country -- they would come to the mill because grand pa would grind just to please them. I would stay there at the mill with him -- our house was down the creek from the mill -- my grand pa use to sleep in a cave up on the hill above the mill -- no one knew where his cave was only grand ma for I never did to go his cave and I never did learn where it was - that was one place I never went. I would climb mountains hunting cows and would bring them home for the folks I stayed with at that time -- some times it would get dark on me up in the hills but I wasnt afraid --

that winter I went home with Mr Josh Jones -- we rode in a buggy --he sure had some fine horses -- I used to ride horse back when I stay at Joneses -- I soon learnd how to cook and wash clothes for the farm hands and Mr and Mrs Jones beside cook for them and milk the cow --they had a Jersey cow and she was just a pet -- and tend to the milk I had to churn every day -- they didnt have a cool place only in the smoke house and it wasnt cold at all -- I would draw water out of the well and put it in the trough every day to keep the milk cool -- that was back when there was no Ice box or any thing like that yet -- And people didnt have any such as water in the houses -- Joneses had a bath room but I would heat water and carry it to the bath tub for them to bath and that was work too -- But they were improveing the place when I quit staying there -- that was back in 1896 -- that was when I am writing about --

Sculpture by G. B. Chiltoskey.

then my grand parents moved from the mountains -- moveded down to Loudon 7 miles from town way out in the country -- there was a family of Indians grand pa knew and this old man Jime Goins he bought him some land from the white folks and he ask grand pa to come down there to live as long as he wonted too. it was just a week before Xmas -- And then grand pa and uncle Jim went out pick a place to build us a house to live in -- and the men folks got to work and cut trees down for the buildin and it didnt take the folks long to build our cabin --

the next day grand pa and I we went to hunt us some straw for our beds -- And there was an old Caption Jack Hall was his name and we went to his house and he gave us straw all we needed -- and then he went to his smoke house and cut half middlen of meat and gave grand pa for us to eat and gave us a bushel of corn for our brad and let me ride one of his horses to go to the mill on -- he was a good old man to let us have all that and he didnt charge grand pa any thing for it. I think any one is good that will help you that much --

that spring then he came up to our house and asked me to go take care of his wife -- she was sick -- she had been bed fast for a long time and he had to hire some one to stay right by her all the time to keep the flies off her face -- they didnt have screen doors them days and so it Kept you busy with a fly brush all day -- and I had to give her water and her medcine every so often and that Kept me busy all day -- but once and a while some one would relive me for awhile -- that was a help. I would walk around a while and rest my arms awhile. and then about two weeks she passed away. And I was sitting by her bed when she died -- she sure was a good old lady to take care of -- that was the first time I ever took care of sick person -- but the folks said I did fine and they let me go to the furnal -- when they took the body away from her old home it was seven miles to town to the church where she was a member -- and that is where the service was held for her in town and the cemetery was there in town -- and her grand daughter let me go with them in a buggy --

our next move was when we moved to North Carolina in the fall of 1903 the last week in Sept -- And we left one Sunday morning -- we started walkeing -- and it took us a week to come to whittier N.C. --people had to walk them days when you didnt own a horse to ride. and so that was our fixe -- we didnt own any thing we were just wanders -- but we seem to get along good so far as we didnt own no perment home. so we just stayed so long and then moved on somewhere else.

[Aggie and her grandparents lived for awhile in Whittier and then moved to Ela where Grandpa built a log cabin. Grandpa continued to make chairs, and Grandma made baskets. Their major source of income was a $12 a month Civil War pension; Grandpa had been a member of the Thomas Legion. Grandpa died in 1907 and Grandma in 1910.

In 1904 Aggie married Henry Lossiah and found her "permanent home" when they settled in the Yellow Hill township of Cherokee. Aggie died January 20, 1966. She had three sons, a daughter, grandchildren, and great grandchildren who still live in Cherokee.]

The complete "Story of My Life" appeared in ***Journal of Cherokee Studies,*** *Museum of the Cherokee Indian, Cherokee, North Carolina. Fall, 1984.*

Eagle dancer, woodcarving by G.B.Chiltoskey

Goingback Chiltoskey Master Carver

Joan Greene

Along the banks of a meandering stream, a small Cherokee boy assembled the toy waterwheels that he had carved from cornstalks. Too small to be adept at using a knife to carve wood, he fashioned his toys from material that was accessible and also easy to work. This would change, however, as Goingback Chiltoskey grew in size and as his talent matured. Now aged 79 and an internationally acclaimed woodcarver, G. B. reminisced about his growing-up years on the Qualla Boundary.

"I never had any store-bought toys, so I made things to play with. My dad made things that were needed around the house—spoons, handles for tools, things like that. Living out here in the mountains, most everything we had had to be made. I watched him make things; I guess I just grew up with it."

In 1917 when G. B. was ten years old he was enrolled at the Cherokee Boarding School, and there he learned the English language. All instructions were given in English, and the children were not allowed to speak Cherokee while at school. G. B. talked about the difficulties of learning a foreign language, but he concluded "You can do it if you're interested enough. You have to be interested in anything to do it well. They taught us to speak English. I guess they were right; I couldn't get along without it."

Half of each day at the school was devoted to academic work of the other half went to industrial training which students received at various work details.

Because of his interest in woodworking G. B. was assigned to the carpentry shop where he made repairs around the school and helped build houses—there was no formal instruction in the art of woodcarving. However, G. B. recalled spending his Sunday afternoons in the woods behind the school carving small animals and walking sticks with snakes twined around them from the wood of his native rhododendron. "That was actually how I got my start," he said. "We had no tourists then, but I sold my carvings to teachers for 25¢ each. I was rich when I got that much. I'd hoed corn for 50¢ a day—ten hours. So when I got 25¢ for a carving, that spurred me on."

During the years he spent at the Cherokee Boarding School, his woodcarving remained a spare-time activity. He remembered that some of the teachers praised his carvings, but "they bragged mostly on my drawing. I remember one teacher had me draw a big map of the United States. Anything to be drawn for the school, they'd pick me to do it."

At that time the Cherokee Boarding School consisted of only nine grades. After finishing there in 1927 G. B. spent two years at Parker District High School in Greenville, South Carolina. "I went down there for the woodworking. I heard that Parker was the best industrial school in the south. It was just a high school, but it had the reputation of having the best vocational department. I stayed with a family about two blocks from the school, and on weekends I worked in the school shop using the equipment. That's how I made my money. I made cedar chests, mantles and things like that for people."

In the fall of 1929 G. B. entered Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas. His interest in woodcarving remained but his main objective during his four years at Haskell was to "complete my school work." He spent summers counseling at summer camps in various parts of the United States, and the money he earned was used for expenses during the following school year. "Those summer jobs paid $800 and all expenses. I put that money in the bank for my spending money for the

winter, for clothes and things like that. I got a lot of experience out of those summer camp jobs and also a lot of contacts." He also managed to save $600 which he used to enroll at the Indian Arts and Crafts School in Santa Fe, New Mexico after he had completed his work at Haskell. During his two years in Santa Fe he became interested in working with jewelry, an interest which he would develop after retirement.

G. B. returned to the Qualla Boundary in 1935 to become assistant instructor in charge of the shop department at the Cherokee Boarding School. There he took advantage of educational leave time to attend Penland School, Oklahoma A & M, Purdue University, and the Art Institute of Chicago. During these years his talent was maturing, and the carvings which were so distinctively his began to emerge.

Because of World War II, G. B.'s teaching career was halted. He was assigned to a civilian job at the shipyard at Norfolk, Virginia, but from friends in Cherokee he learned about a new model shop that was being established near Washington. In July of 1942 G. B. took a portfolio of his work to Washington, where he applied for the job of model-maker. After an interview he joined the select group of ten others who had already been hired for this highly specialized work. For the next four years G. B. was a part of the Engineer Research and Development Laboratories at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

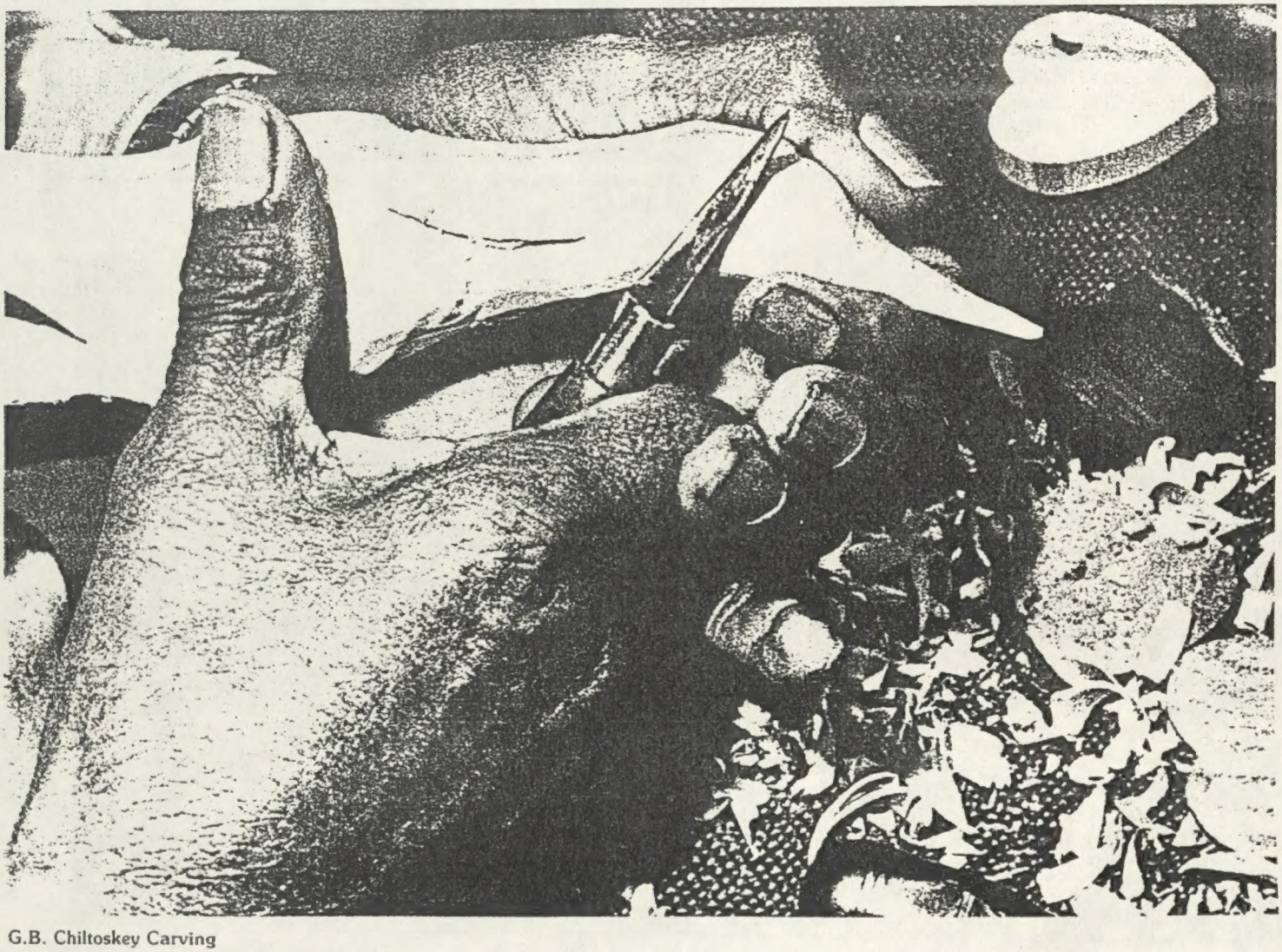
At Fort Belvoir he worked with wood, steel and plastic in the construction of models of machines and equipment. Much of his work involved constructing instructional aid models. He mentioned, for example, making a model on which the trigger mechanism of a rifle was enlarged thirteen times so "they could see how it worked, how it discharged shells." Since the work demanded a great deal of time and attention, his visits home were limited. But it was during those years at Fort Belvoir that he met and began to court a teacher at the Cherokee Boarding School.

Mary Ulmer had arrived in Cherokee from Demopolis, Alabama in August of 1942, a month after G. B. had gone to Washington. They met at a square dance and pot luck supper at the Soco Day School while G. B. was home for Thanksgiving holidays. Mary says that she was "impressed with the work he was doing in Washington," and apparently G. B. was impressed with the lively and energetic schoolteacher because each time he returned to Cherokee for a visit he managed to see Miss Ulmer.

After the war G. B. went into private business with several of the men with whom he had worked at Fort Belvoir. Their venture took them to Hollywood, where they formed Imagineering Associates which specialized in making miniature movie sets and architectural models. During his stay in California, he and Mary corresponded, and Mary said that from his letters she learned a great deal about G. B. and the feelings of the Cherokee people.

In 1947 G. B. returned to the Qualla Boundary as a woodworking instructor. "I didn't like California," he said. "The business was too uncertain. So when I got a letter from here asking me to come back to teach GI's, I came back and went under civil service again."

During the six years that G. B. taught in the veterans' program, the relationship between he and Mary grew and strengthened. During



Steve Dixon, Citizen Times, Asheville, N.C.

G.B. Chiltoskey Carving

1949 and 1950 they worked together on compiling material for **Cherokee Cooklore** which Mary edited and G. B. illustrated. Through working together they developed a greater understanding and appreciation of each other, and by 1954 when G. B. returned to a government job in Washington their thoughts were on marriage. Mary remembers that as he was leaving she said, "I don't know if I'll be able to stay here with you gone." And she also remembers his very reassuring answer: "No matter where you go I'll find you."

G. B. explained why he returned to Washington. "The position here was terminated—ran out of GI's. So here I was without a job, and I wrote to Washington to get the same job I used to have if available. I wanted to better my retirement. I waited about five months, and it finally came through.

Mary and G. B. were married in June of 1956, and Mary continued teaching at the Cherokee Boarding School. Her summers were spent with G. B. in Washington where she attended classes at various universities in the area. For a while Mary lived in the teachers' quarters at the boarding school during the school year, but then she decided to move to G. B.'s shop in which he had stored his woodwoking materials. She told G. B. "If I have to put up a tent along the river I'm going to move up there." However, that proved unnecessary because as G. B. explained: "I came back one summer and fixed up the heating plant and rooms over there. And after G. B. retired in 1966 he and Mary lived in this converted shop until he completed their present home—a lovely white stucco which he designed and built on the banks of the Oconaluftee River.

During the years in which he worked for the government G. B. continued his woodcarving. His "gift of art" is evidenced in such delicately carved works as his Great Horned Owl which won the North Carolina Art Society's Purchase Award in 1953; his Eagle Dancer which was displayed at the Smithsonian Institution; and the bust of Zeb Vance which is on display in the museum at the Vance Birthplace in Reems Creek, North Carolina.

For G. B. retirement meant only the end of being confined to a schedule and the beginning of a whole future—a future in which his love of working with wood could be fulfilled.

Pat Arnow

G.B. Chiltoskey with some of his carvings at home in Cherokee, North Carolina

Rodney Webb

Yellow Hill Baptist Church, Cherokee, North Carolina, 1986.

Daughter of Tahlequah

Jill Oxendine

Gayle Ross turned thirty-five years old October 3—on the same day and month her great great great grandfather John Ross (principal chief of the Cherokee nation for nearly forty years) was born almost two centuries ago. Already her face, framed in flowing raven locks, possesses that wise, chiseled look so typical of her ancestors.

In recent years, Ms. Ross has honed her thoughts and the story legacy of her people into programs, often speaking of the atrocities suffered the Cherokee nation at the hand of the white man. But she claims, "I am not an authority on Cherokee history. . .I am a storyteller."

One of four children, Gayle grew up in rural Texas in a rambling country home near Lewisville. Her half-Cherokee father was an airplane pilot and avid hunter who often provided elk, venison, dove, or quail meat for food. On winter nights, a live-in grandmother filled the air with native American stories and songs sung in Cherokee.

"My grandmother was a very strong influence on me," Ms. Ross says. "She considered herself Cherokee and took a great deal of pride in the family history. . .She was a very striking woman. . .selected as the model for a statue of Sequoyah that stands in the States Hall of Fame Museum in Washington, D.C. Her Cherokee heritage was a big part of her life and I grew up with that identification."

Today Gayle Ross lives with her husband and young son in San Antonio, Texas. A former radio and television writer, she manages a storytelling career begun in 1978 when she joined native Tennessean Elizabeth Ellis to form a performing duo called "Twelve Moons Storytellers." She has since gone solo with a repertoire of stories that strongly reflect her Cherokee roots.

"I consider myself a member of the tribe of the West from Tahlequah through my grandmother and Dad," she said, "even though I am not involved with daily political affairs there. My being Cherokee has a lot to do with my being a storyteller and vice versa. I don't think I would tell stories if it weren't for that native identification."

The Cherokee storyteller describes John Ross, her eminent Indian ancestor, as a man of unswerving integrity, someone whose sense of justice and fair play led to the eventual undoing of the Cherokee nation in 1838. Raised and educated as a white man by his Scotch father, the chief placed too much faith in the American system, says his descendent: "He believed to the very end that as long as they went through the proper channels—the courts, the laws, the schools, the newspapers—that Andrew Jackson would never order the army against the Cherokee. As long as they showed the world that their nation was as civilized as any in the world, then the government would never act against them. When it did happen, he was heartbroken."

Ross's greatest opponents, though, were those within his own nation. It was a full-blooded Cherokee, The Ridge, who ultimately signed the removal treaty—the Treaty of New Echota—and, as Ms. Ross puts it, provided the whitewash the U.S. government needed for forcing the Cherokees from their homelands. When the removal began, it was Ross who admonished them to submit peacefully.

According to this great great great granddaughter of John Ross, it was the treaty that spelled the ultimate doom of the Cherokee."If the Ridge faction had never given the U.S. Army the treaty of New Echota, the whole thing never would have happened," says Ms. Ross. "Without that, I don't think the American people as a whole would have allowed the removal to take place—the Cherokee had too many powerful allies."

Courtesy of the National Association for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling.

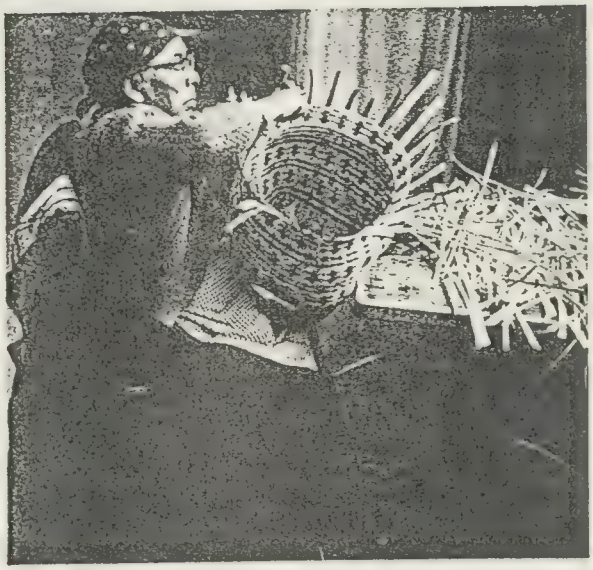
Storyteller Gayle Ross.

Family stories of Quatie, John Ross's wife, involve martyrdom and frailty. The Indian matriarch feared constantly for her husband's life prior to the Treaty of New Echota and suffered an emotional collapse when the state of Georgia seized their home forcing the family to flee with only a few possessions. Legend has it that Quatie met her death from pneumonia on the Trail of Tears when she sacrificed the warmth of her blanket to help a sick child.

But the image of the Cherokee as victim is something Gayle Ross, the storyteller, tries hard to obliterate. Many of her tales are historical accounts of the times that led up to the infamous Trail of Tears. The Cherokee were proud and fierce, she says. They could have fought but they chose not to. She also finds tourist displays such as those in Cherokee, North Carolina demeaning. "The economic necessity of becoming a tourist attraction to survive leeches essential power from the true histories of the people."

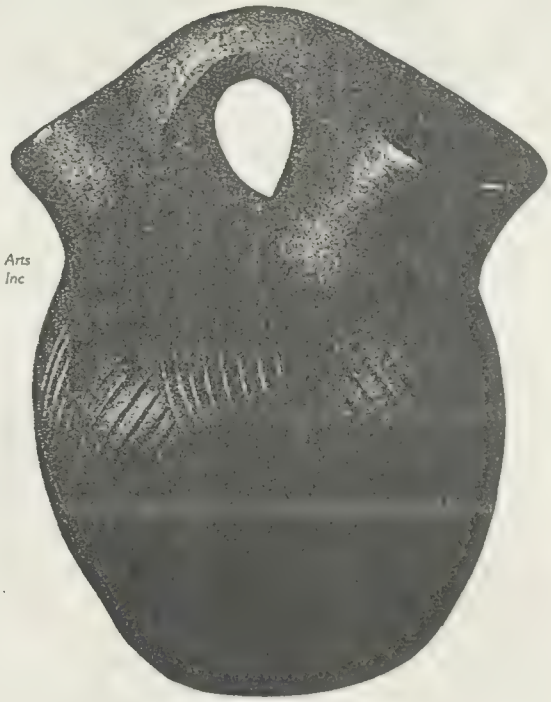
But the greatest challenge for the Cherokee, says Ms. Ross, is the same for all people—to bridge cultural, religious and national chasms in the interest of common planetary survival. "The entire essence of the Cherokee people focuses on a balanced relationship between human beings and the rest of the entire ecosystem," she maintains. "The birds, animals, and insects are relatives, not a life form separate and apart that can be disposed of at leisure. The entire system was set up as a whole and we are a part of it. I think that particular point of view is a unique contribution of native American thought. . .and that is what the white people need to learn from us."

The art and craft of the Cherokee have endured and thrived on the Qualla Boundary.



Courtesy of Tom Gilmartin.

Avie Calonehaskie making a white oak basket.



Courtesy of Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc

Cherokee wedding vase.

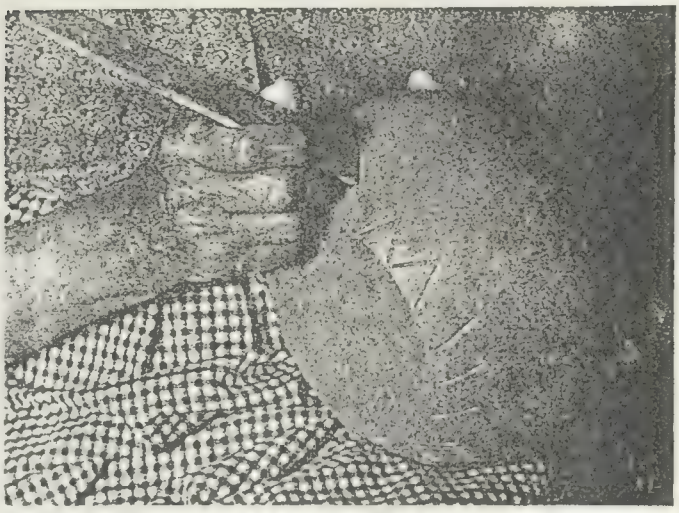
Courtesy of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, U. S. Department of Interior.

Fishing creel, made of white oak splints with hickory. This type of basket was used by Cherokee people during the 19th and early 20th centuries, and many creels of similar design are made today.

Courtesy of Tom Gilmartin

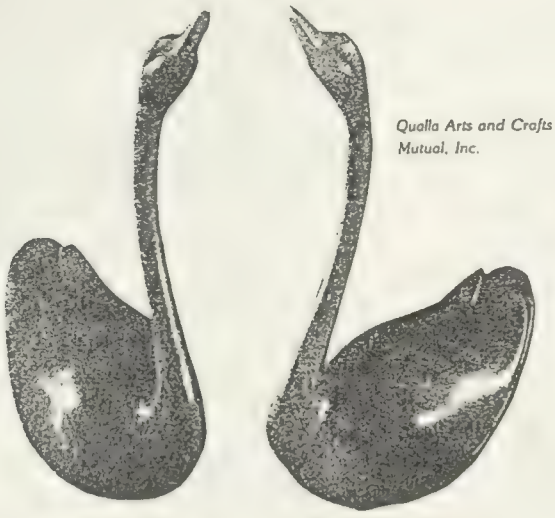
Julius L. Wilnoty making arrows with stone points. River cane is used for the shafts.

The Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the U. S. Department of the Interior and Tom Gilmartin's photos were made in the late 1960's and early 1970's under the auspices of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

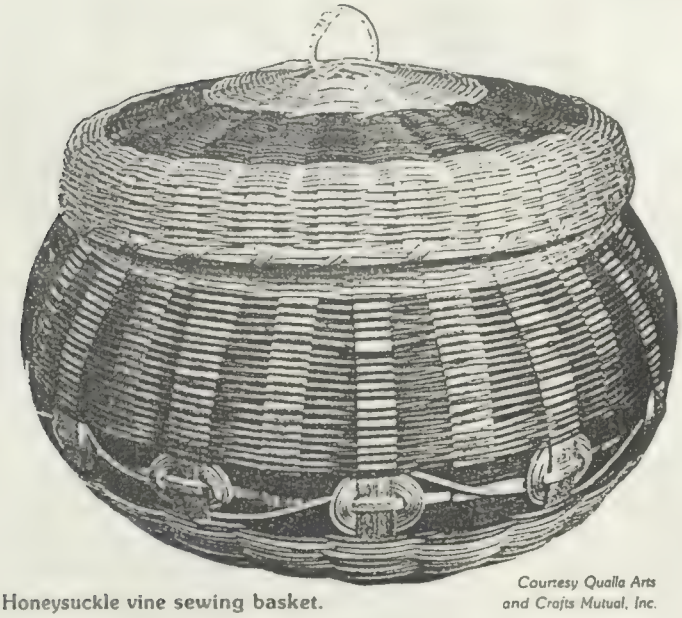


Courtesy Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc.

Cherokee potter.



Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc.

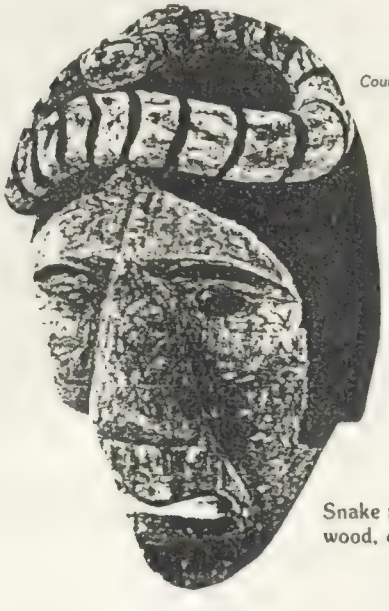


Honeysuckle vine sewing basket.

Courtesy Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc.

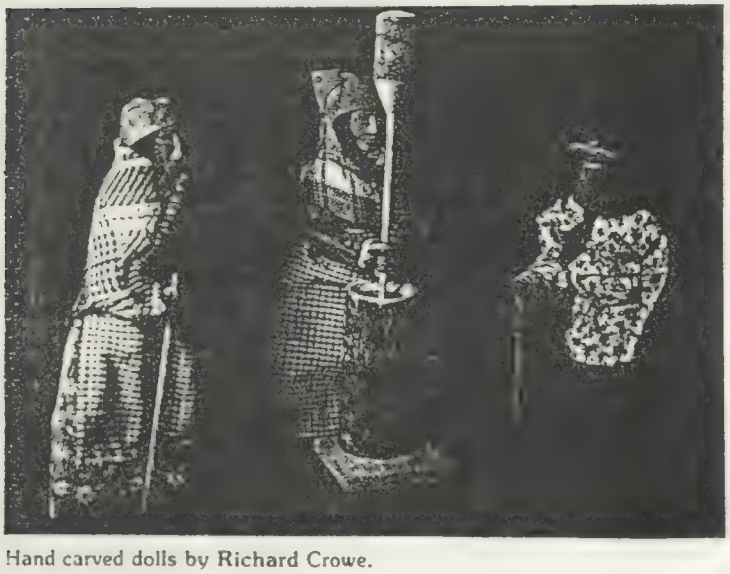
Courtesy of Tom Gilmartin.

Amanda Smoker and her daughter.



Courtesy of Tom Gilmartin

Snake mask made of buckeye wood, carved by Allen Long.



Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc.

Hand carved dolls by Richard Crowe.

Maggie Axe Wachacha
Beloved Woman of the Cherokees

Patricia A. Swan

Beloved Woman or **galungwot ageyheh** is a title given only to the most special of Cherokee women, women who have made lasting contributions to their people. Maggie Axe Wachacha is one of these rare women.

She has lived on Snowbird Mountain in Graham County, North Carolina, all the 92 years of her life. Although she only completed the fourth grade, she became fluently literate in the Cherokee language and it was only in her late teens that she learned the foreign language, English. At age 10 she began her apprenticeship as an herbalist and midwife. It didn't matter how remote the home or how bad the weather, if someone was sick or had a baby coming, she was always there.

In 1935 at the age of 41 she married Jarrett Wachacha, a great nephew to Junaluska, (the Cherokee who saved Andrew Jackson's life at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend, Alabama in 1814).

Two years later in 1937 she became the tribal clerk. She transcribed the minutes of each meeting into the Sequoiah syllabary, the written language of the Cherokee. For each meeting she and her husband walked the 60 miles from Snowbird to Cherokee and then walked back, it was a journey of days, but she hasn't missed a meeting in 49 years.

Because of the systematic suppression of the Cherokee language in schools such as Hampton (Negro Institute, Hampton, Virginia), where the new generations of Cherokee leaders were trained around the turn of the century, the language of the Tribal Council shifted to English and Mrs. Wachacha began translating spoken English into written Cherokee.

Although the Tribal Council still conducts its business in English, the suppression of the Cherokee language is now a thing of the past. The language is taught in school—both at the elementary and college levels—and Mrs. Wachacha has shared her knowledge with students in the Robbinsville, N.C. public schools, at a regional college, Tri-County Technical College, and through the adult-education courses offered in Graham County.

Mrs. Wachacha tells stories as an adjunct to her more structured classes. Sometimes, when she works with groups of little children she uses a translator. Maxine Williams, an official of the Graham County school system, was part of a crew that made a videotape of Mrs. Wachacha in 1980 and, in an interview with J.P. Schubert for the **Asheville Citizen-Times**, she said,"Maggie is the most unusual woman I have ever known. She also has a sense of humor. After we spoke to her through an interpreter for a whole day, she started speaking to us in perfect English."

In recognition of her work with and for her people and their heritage, Maggie Axe Wachacha was given the title "Beloved Woman" by the Eastern Band of Cherokees, who also named a tribal building in her honor, the first ever named for a Cherokee woman.

And in 1986 she has received state and national recognition. The first was March 21 when she received one of five **Distinguished Women of North Carolina** awards.

The second was in June when Mrs. Wachacha was recognized as one of 100 American heroes in **Newsweek's** special collection "Sweet Land of Liberty," which was a lead-in to the Statue of Liberty Centennial Celebration.

Maggie Axe Wachacha has been recognized by her peers and the world as a woman of dedication, caring, and insight who sets an example for all of us. Truly a beloved woman, indeed.

Hello

Say hello to a Cherokee
He can say hello
Say goodbye to him
But he can't say goodbye to you.
—Lloyd C. Owle

Brownies

A Cherokee Legend by Ruth Ledford

This is the story my mother told to me. When my grandfather went to town, he always went across the mountain. One day he went to town, and when he was coming back, it was getting dark so he kept on walking.

After it got dark, he came to a place where the path turned and there was another path. When he started to turn off on another path, he saw a brownie. It led him off the path. They came to a green meadow where there was a river. It was blue as the skies. There he saw a house, a very beautiful little house. He was so tired he sat down on the porch to rest. The brownies offered him something to eat. The food was mushrooms, so he didn't take them.

The brownies said, "Won't you come in?" He answered, "No, I won't come in."

The brownies went into the house when he refused them.

He was so tired, he leaned against the porch and fell asleep. When he woke up, he was leaning against a tree and was sitting by a pile of rocks. He was in the woods alone. The brownies had disappeared.

Note: Brownies in this story are also called the 'little people.' They are figures of humor and power from the ancient Cherokee tradition.

This was told to Ruth Ledford Long by her mother, Geneva Ledford, in 1950 when she was in the 7th grade. Ruth is employed by one of the nursing homes in Swain County and Geneva is employed by the Oconoluftee Indian Village.

The Tsali Legend

John Parris

Tsali was an old man, a simple nobody, who gave his life so that a remnant of his people might remain in the land of their birth.

Tsali lived far back in the reaches of the Great Smoky Mountains. There he farmed a small hillside plot and communed with nature. His family consisted of an aging wife and two sons, Ridges and Wasituna.

In his isolation, Tsali was ignorant of most of the turmoil sweeping the Cherokee Nation in the 1830's. Only now and then did an occasional bit of news of what was happening trickle up the slopes to his sheltered cabin. He was more concerned with his crops, which needed rain.

Then one day in May, 1838, Tsali's brother-in-law, Lowney, fetched news of great hordes of soldiers in the valley. He said they had come to round up the Cherokee and take them off toward the setting sun where the sky bent down to touch the earth. He told Tsali the general had said the great march must begin before the new moon.

Tsali nodded, but he did not understand why the Cherokee must leave their homes. He thought about it for a moment as he sat by the fire puffing his pipe, and then he put it out of his mind.

Tsali went back into his fields the next day, and the next. He worked his fields and thought of the harvest to come. But while he worked undisturbed the soldiers of General Winfield Scott were rounding up 17,000 Cherokee in stockades across the Cherokee Nation, herding them together like cattle, treating them like cattle.

Some have said that while Tsali worked he dreamed a dream of how his people might stay in their native hills and keep alive the rites and legends of their father. But there seems no basis for it. If he did dream such a dream he did not tell one man in whom he placed the highest confidence—William H. Thomas, a white trader who was the adopted son of the great Yonaguska or Drowning Bear.

It was accident, chance, passion, circumstance or luck that led Tsali to martyrdom. He had worked out no great plan of strategy.

Like many other Cherokee caught up in the great net, Tsali offered no resistance when the soldiers came to his cabin and told him he must come with them to the stockade at Bushnell, a community that is now covered by the waters of Fontana Lake.

Tsali, his wife, his sons and his brother-in-law gathered a few things and made them into bundles that were easy to carry. Then they started walking toward the valley and the stockade.

Somewhere along the trail fate stepped in.

Perhaps the pace was too fast or the trail too steep, but Tsali's wife stumbled. A soldier prodded her with a bayonet to quicken her pace.

The muscles in Tsali's face jumped and the fire in his old body flamed. The soldier had committed an unpardonable sin. Tsali hunched his fist at his side, and silently prayed for a gun, a knife. Fighting his anger, he spoke to his kinsmen in conversational tone, knowing the two soldiers did not understand Cherokee.

"When we reach the turn in the trail," he said, explaining the plan he had in mind, "Tsali will trip and fall. Tsali will complain of his ankle. The soldiers will halt. That is where you will leap upon them and take their guns. We will escape into the hills." At the appointed place, Tsali stumbled and fell. He cried out in pain and grasped his ankle. One soldier rushed to his side. There was another shout from Ridges and he and Lowney grappled with the other soldier. The first hesitated just a second and Tsali jerked his feet from him. As the soldier fell his gun exploded. It ripped a hole in the side of his head. Lowney had wrested the gun from the other soldier who managed to wiggle free and escape into the woods.

Tsali looked down at the dead soldier. He had not intended there should be bloodshed. Slowly he picked up the rifle. He spoke a short word to his family, and turned back up the trail. They followed. Tsali led them far up the slopes, far into the wilderness. He led them to a cave under Clingman's Dome.

"They will have to come after us with many soldiers," Tsali told his family. "It is better to die than give up."

Tsali didn't know it but more than a thousand other Cherokee were hiding out in the Great Smokies. They had banded together under a noted leader named Utsala or "Lichen," who had sworn never to leave the mountains.

Tsali and his family lived on berries, ate roots, nearly starved. Across the Cherokee Nation the first of the exiles were started on their tragic march. Summer passed and fall came and with it the last Cherokee in the stockades set out for the Far West.

When the last of the imprisoned Cherokee had been sent on their way the soldiers turned to the task of rounding up the fugitives who had escaped into the hills.

General Scott considered it an almost impossible task. He realized it would take thousands of men and months to hunt them out. Tsali's escape, resulting in the death of a soldier, had been duly reported to him. He had given it much thought. An idea began to form. He wanted to get out of the Cherokee country. He sent for Will Thomas.

"If Tsali and his kin will come in and give up," Thomas was told, "I won't hunt down the others. Tsali has killed a soldier and must be punished. If he will voluntarily pay the penalty I will intercede for the fugitives and have the Government grant them permission to live in the Great Smokies. But if he refuses, tell him I'll turn my soldiers loose to hunt down each one of them."

Will Thomas knew where Tsali would be hiding and he found him under Clingman's Dome. He delivered the message. The old man listened in silence, looked at his wife, then at his sons.

"I will come in," he said simply.

Eventually the group reached the stockade at Bushnell. The military lost no time in carrying out its task. Tsali, Ridges, and Lowney were sentenced to be executed. Because of his youth, Wasituna was spared. So was the old man's wife.

Then in a field near the stockade, Tsali, Ridges and Lowney were stood against three trees. A colonel asked the old man if he had any thing to say.

"If I must be killed," he said, "I would like to be shot by my own people."

Guns were thrust into the hands of three Cherokee men. Tsali waved aside a blindfold. So did his kin. A volley rang out. Tsali slumped to the ground.

Tsali and his kinsmen were buried near the stockade. Today the grave is covered by the waters of Lake Fontana.

Wasituna returned with his mother to their mountain home. In time he married and raised a family. He had sons and they had sons. His descendents still reside on the Reservation today. . . .

Tsali's sacrifice permitted a remnant of his race to remain in the Great Smokies. They are the Cherokee who live now on the Qualla Reservation.

From "Unto These Hills" Program, Cherokee Historical Association, Cherokee, North Carolina, 1953 and 1976. Used by permission of the author.

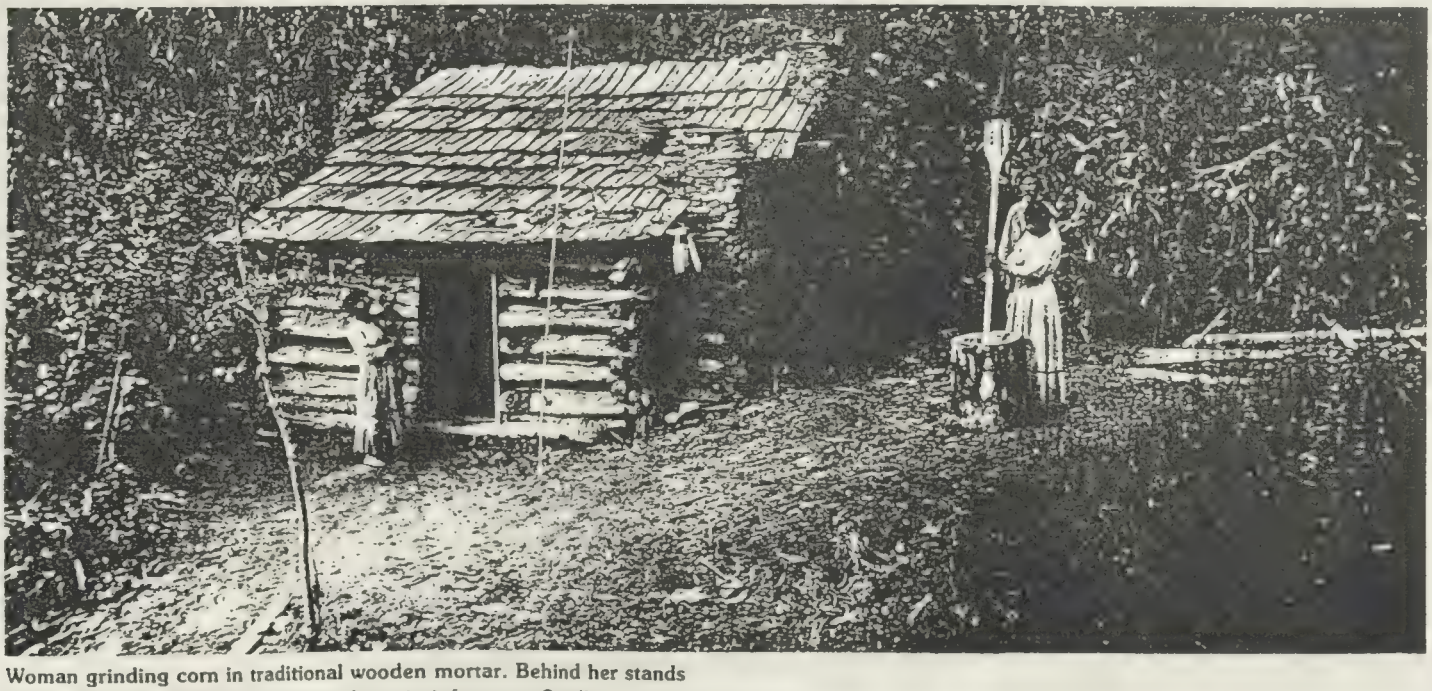
CHEROKEES OF THE QUALLA

Women making pottery on the Qualla Boundary, photographed by John Mooney, 1900. Woman on the left is Katalsta, daughter of Yanaguski, "Drowning Bear," who was a chief of the Cherokees.

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives. Photo No. 1034a-3

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives. Photo No. 1011.

Walini, a Cherokee woman photographed by James Mooney, 1888, on the Qualla Boundary.



Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives. Photo No. 1000b

Woman grinding corn in traditional wooden mortar. Behind her stands Swimmer, ethnologist John Mooney's main informant. Qualla Boundary, 1888. Photo by John Mooney.

BOUNDARY THEN AND NOW

Rodney Webb

Moccasin factory, Cherokee, North Carolina, 1986.

Worker at the Cherokee Trout Farm, Cherokee, North Carolina, 1986.

Rodney Webb

Indian Arts and Crafts Board, U.S. Department of the Interior

Minda Hill Wolfe. At 85 years of age she was still an active member of the Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual.

Rodney Webb

Cherokee Trout Farm

Saving the then for now

Pat Arnow

Mary Chiltoskey is supposed to be retired but she's as energetic as a workaholic with a deadline. All this labor is not to bring her money or fame, but to promote love of learning among the Cherokees and appreciation of the Cherokees among everyone else.

The Chiltoskey home in Cherokee, North Carolina is cluttered to the rafters with mementos, papers, art—it could be a museum, and the curators, Mary and G.B. Chiltoskey, could tell stories about every item. What Mary wants to talk about the most, though, is the project that she says takes up at least 50 hours of her time every week, the Indian Resource Center.

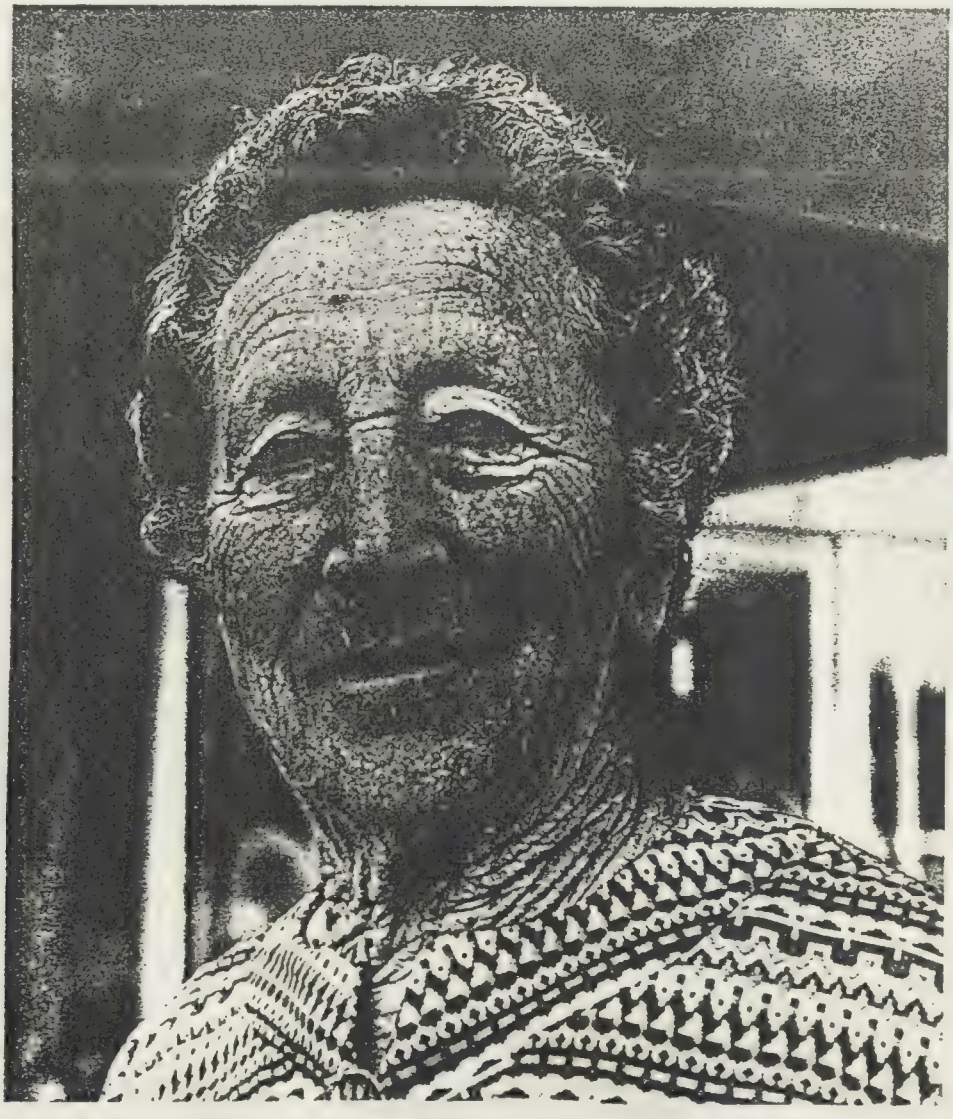
It's in a warehouse building, probably the most nondescript structure on the Qualla Boundary. Inside, it's not much more impressive. Boxes filled with books are stacked, row after row, with titles marked on the carton. In a smaller room with books stacked on tables, Mary Chiltoskey sits down and describes her operation. The numbers she announces are impressive.

"We ended two and a half years Thursday before last (20th of June, 1986) and we had given out 326,995 books. There are better than 20 publishers that send us books. We have averaged well over 1,000 books a day in June. the load we have out now was 41,373 books all for lower elementary or pre-school children. It's going great guns. Little kids come in and look and just start squealing."

All of the books are free, given by more than 20 book publishers. The publishers' gain is in cultivating dedicated readers and a tax break from the Internal Revenue Service. They send a bit of everything—contemporary fiction, cookbooks, textbooks, children's stories.

Every book has an audience. "We do not have a book we cannot unload. We had two consignments of a book called **How to Survive on $50,000 to $150,000 a year.** It sat in there a long time. All of a sudden some people are taking classes that have to do with financial management. We may have enough to go through this month."

None of the other titles languish for long on the shelves of this bookshop. First of all there aren't any shelves. Secondly, Mary is out finding readers. At Christmas time she had books gift wrapped and distributed to the children in a Headstart program—and more were wrapped and given to the children's mothers. One mother told Mary, "You don't have any idea how much these books have meant to William and me. When I was growing up my mother was so busy just keeping food on the table and clothes on our backs that if she had any books she wouldn't have time to read—with William's parents, too. But now, we sit around after supper and we take turns about who's going to read a book. Some books we read over several times, but we all three read or hear the reading of every book that we take out of here."



Pat Arnow

Now and Then *"Cherokee " edition guest editor, Mary Chiltoskey.*

Giving away books to all comers may sound like a cinch of a job, but not all of the free book centers that have been started have been as successful as the one Mary runs. Since the program was designed by librarian and educator Max Celnik and put into operation by Time-Life and Book of the Month Club some five years ago, about 15 centers have been opened in isolated areas, many on Indian reservations. Only about half have survived, and the rest aren't all thriving.

Mary recalls a discussion with one glum director from Nebraska who complained that he couldn't get volunteers, that the program had only enough money to pay two people. Mary says that she told him, "you killed your program right there. I wouldn't be idiot enough to give 50 or more hours a week of my time for free if somebody was getting a little pay. Yes, I'd volunteer a couple hours a week and I'd go and ask them what they wanted done and I'd pick the job that was the least effort and take the least responsibility, and when I got through I'd start out the door, and I'd look back and see if my little angel wings weren't growing. I'm not interested in angel wings or brownie points or any of the rest. This program is to help children.

And if I'm not enthusiastic about it I'd better shut up and go till the potatoes."

Mary also believes it's important to keep the paperwork at a minimum. Anyone who is Cherokee or getting books for a Cherokee can come in and choose any books. She sees people gathering books to take to nursing homes, women picking books for their children and their neighbor's children, and children picking out books for themselves and their families and friends. There's no order to the cartons, but that doesn't seem to stop the customers from coming in to find something to read.

Ever since she arrived in Cherokee, Mary has been promoting reading. She moved here during the middle of World War II after graduating from George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, and she taught math and social studies and was a librarian at the Cherokee Indian School for 25 year. A native of Demopolis, Alabama, her crackling energetic voice stil sports a distinctive Southern accent. She's small, with bright blue eyes and short curly hair. Unlike many natives of the Southeast, Mary claims no Cherokee ancestry. (There seems to be something of a joke among the Cherokees and their friends, including Mary, that almost everyone in the Southeast claims Cherokee heritage.)

It wasn't marrying G. B. that sparked her interest in the culture. When they were wed in 1956, she had already found her niche as a teacher and librarian. Over the years she has collected folklore, which she has published in **Cherokee Cooklore, Cherokee Plants and Their Uses** (with Paul B. Hamel), **Cherokee Words with Pictures and Cherokee Fair and Festival.**

In **Cherokee Cooklore** are recipes for such traditional native fare as bean bread, chestnut bread, ramps, squirrel, opposum and quail. While some cooks on the Qualla Boundary do prepare these dishes, over a dinner at a steakhouse, Mary and G. B. describe the essence of "real Cherokee food."

"Real Cherokee food is steak, pork chops," say G. B.

"Real Cherokee food can be anything but there's always lots of it," says Mary.

"Corn, any kind of corn, potatoes," says G. B.

"You may not have enough plates, you might find yourself eating out of the lid of a pot, you might find yourself standing up because there won't be enough chairs, but there will always be plenty for everyone," says Mary.

"Biscuits, cornbread," concludes G. B.

Another activity that demands Mary Chiltoskey's time is storytelling. She specializes in Cherokee tales and true stories. "I don't tell any that have not been told to me by at least one Cherokee person."

Compiling an issue of **Now and Then** intrigues her because she wants to show "how the Cherokees have saved the then for the now."

Though she has worked tirelessly most of her life as an advocate of the Cherokees of the Qualla Boundary, she refuses to gush about her dedication. "I've been interested in this type of thing all my life. It wasn't that the Cherokees inspired me, it was just that Cherokee was just a good field. It was pretty well understood that anyone who came to work should know something about the people, and so I have known a little bit. I came here to work. And I worked.

"If you don't just close your mind and not try to learn something you'll learn something every day. If you'll recognize the fact that you have learned something there may be a time that you can share it with other people.

Seated woman with bowl of fish, approximately 5" high, red steatite, by John Julius Wilnoty.

Within my heart the music
Of my forefathers is deep;
Flowing like the oceans and sea;
Deeper than the winter's sleep.
Their drums are never silent,
Neither day nor the longest night;
Their music is the cradle-song
That breathes into my soul.
I cannot deny my people,
Nor set them apart in
My heart, for the wisdom
Of our elders, ancient and
Old, is my guiding light.
Black Elk, Seqouyah, Standing Bear,
John Ross, Sitting Bull, Gall—
You all live within my mind.
To your memory I belong
Because your deeds live on.
Oh, my people, beautiful people,
Let us journey from night
Beyond the wings of dawn.
Hear me my beautiful people—
Long live our heritage song.

—Shirley Catt Lincoln

Cherokee Eden
(with asides)
an alternative to the apple

Marilou Awiakta

Myth is powerful medicine. For centuries, the proverbial "Eden apple" has rolled through Western culture—the arts, politics, theology, society—and pointed its accusing, wounding stem at woman: "You are to blame for sin and destruction. You deserve to be punished." I refuse the apple. Instead, I reach for the strawberry—the powerful, healing medicine of Cherokee Eden. This myth has endured perhaps 3,500 years, as long as the Cherokee themselves:

The first man and woman lived in harmony for a time. Then they began to quarrel.

(The cause is not told—the lovers themselves probably didn't know, *exactly*—but the quarrel must have been long and tedious for . . .)

At last the woman left and started off to the Sun Land in the East (where the Sun, being female, would likely comfort her.)

The man followed, alone and grieving, but the woman kept steadily ahead and never looked back, The Sun, the Great Apportioner, took pity on the man and asked him, "Are you still angry with the woman?"*

He said, "No."

"Would you like to have her back again?"

He eagerly answered, "Yes."

(The Great Apportioner doesn't ask the cause of the quarrel. Blame and punishment are not her concern. Healing is. In essence, she asks the man, "Is your heart still hardened against the woman?"—a crucial question, for a hard heart blocks reconciliation and abets mental/physical abuse. Only after the man has affirmed his good intent does the Sun in her wisdom give help. She uses gentle persuasion.)

The Great Apportioner caused many things to spring up in the woman's path:

. . . a patch of ripe huckleberries. But the woman passed them by.

. . . a clump of blackberries. The woman refused to notice.

. . . Other fruits and then some trees covered with beautiful red service berries. The woman kept steadily on.

. . . Last came a patch of large ripe strawberries, the first ever known.

The woman stooped to gather a few to eat and as she picked them she chanced to turn her face to the West. At once the memory of her husband came back to her. She sat down, but the longer she waited the stronger became her desire for her husband. At last she gathered a bunch of the finest berries and started back along the path to give them to him. He met her kindly and they went home together.

(Reconciliation. Healing. Acceptance of the human tendency to quarrel. A pattern for restoring harmony that involves mutual responsibility and restitution. This is Cherokee Eden, the powerful medicine of the strawberry.)

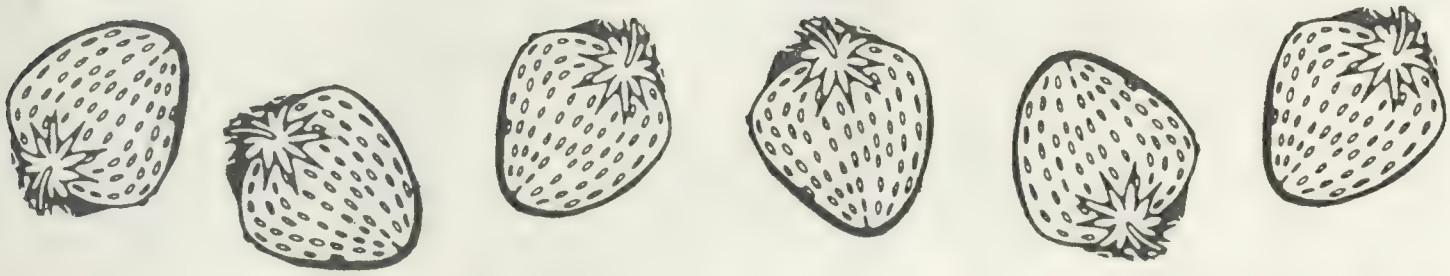
The medicine will not work out of context, however. To experience the myth fully, one must understand its resonance—the ways of the people who gave it voice. The classic Cherokee culture was matrilineal. It was organized around the concept that the gender who bears life should not be separated from the power to sustain it. There were seven mother clans. In marriage, the man took the name of the woman's clan, as did their children. The woman owned the house. In divorce, which could be initiated by either party, the man returned to his mother's clan.

In 1765, Henry Timberlake, an English observer, said, "Many of the Cherokee women are as famous in war as powerful in the council." They also planted, harvested and cooked—not as "squaw work," but as a crucial service to the people, for women were thought to have a special affinity for our Mother Earth. They also sat on the council and made their views known through the Beloved Woman, who shared the place of honor with the War and Peace Chiefs, both male. In matters concerning hostages, her word was absolute and she was believed to bring messages from the Great Spirit to the people. It is thought that, like her distant Iroquois relatives, who were also matrilineal, Cherokee women trained prospective chiefs. It is certain they helped shape government, which was collaborative rather than adversarial. Only in time of national emergency did the chiefs make arbitrary decisions. Otherwise, they guided by persuasion and decisions were made by consensus. When a Cherokee chief squared off with a chief from another tribe, a delegation of women often functioned as intercessor. At its zenith in the mid-18th century, the Cherokee nation extended into eight Southeastern states. Although towns were widely separated and independently governed, they never warred with each other, for each town contained families from the seven clans. It was sternly forbidden to make war on relatives.

In the mythology of such a society, women naturally had an imporant place. The Corn Woman, for example, brought the first corn plant to the people, a cardinal physical and spiritual gift. Other myths explored the strengths and weaknesses of both genders, giving women as well as men, prototypes for wholeness. If ideas of the "Eden apple" variety ever rolled in this culture, it is safe to assume the women quickly made cider of them.

In 1817, this classic way of life officially ended. For two hundred years the Cherokee had tried to work out a harmonious co-existence with European settlers, adopting many of their ways. Periods of peace

*Not to be confused with the Great Spirit who is within all things.



alternated with broken treaties and bloody battles. In a final effort at reconciliation, the Cherokee changed to the patrilineal, republican form of government. The sound of the rolling Eden apple drove matrilineal ways underground. Twenty years later, the Removal began, the "Trail of Tears" that split the nation and annihilated a fourth of its 17,000 members. Many people in the dominant culture predicted, "In a hundred years, there will be no more Cherokee."

But roots held fast; the Cherokee now number about 65,000. In April, 1984, the councils of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma and the Eastern Band of North Carolina reunited at Red Clay, near Cleveland, Tennessee, where the Trail of Tears began. Twenty thousand people—about half of them non-Indian—gathered with hearts of good intent to celebrate the healing of wounds, healing that has been effected through mutual responsibility, reconciliation and restitution. At the reunion Council, composed of women and men, Wilma Mankiller presided. She is now Chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, the first woman to attain such high office since Nancy Ward, who was Beloved Woman from 1755-1821. Both Mankiller and Principal Chief Ross Swimmer believe in collaborative government and in leadership through persuasion rather than coercion.

After 167 seemingly dormant years, matrilineal ways are greening again. They have strength and endurance, like myth. Both have been kept alive by two concepts the Cherokee share with other Native Americans. One is the view of time as a continuum, a fusion of past, present, future. Related to this concept is the oral tradition. By *speaking* their ways and myths, the people keep them immediate and relevant. The *sound* of the words themselves makes them live in the present.

For that reason I suggest you do something outside the Western tradition of the essay, which usually is read silently. So that you can *feel* the powerful medicine of the strawberry myth, ask a friend to read it to you—just the *italicized* part, not my asides. Quiet your mind. Listen. Note where the resonance of the words causes your thoughts to vibrate. (I'll do the same, then share my thoughts with you. In the meantime, share yours with your friend. When we come together again, the medicine will be alive and at work.)

.....

. . . I feel good—so good that I toss the apple over my shoulder. In Cherokee Eden there is respect for the female, her intelligence and her rights of choice—and for the male too. Neither gender is put down or cast in an adversarial role. Competition is removed.

What a resonant fruit, the strawberry! It touches many other places in my mind:

. . . *A quarrel with my lover.* Neither of us knows the cause, *exactly*. After 30 years together, it could be almost anything. I've kept "steadily ahead" for three days. I ought to sit down, gather a few berries . . .

. . . *Notes for a talk on race relations for the National Conference of Christians and Jews:* I think I'll tear up my notes, just read the myth (without my asides) and let it resonate. Jew and Christian, black and white—we all have in common similar teachings about forgiveness, reconciliation, restitution. A Cherokee myth might provide a neutral stimulus for consensus.

. . . *Rape case in this morning's newspaper:* "She was asking for it," the defendant says. The Eden apple—still rolling, still powerful. Depressing, how little cider we've been able to make of it.

. . . *A quote I heard at a lecture entitled, "Urban Problems: A Holistic View":* The speaker, an expert from MIT, gave a fine presentation. He then opened discussion by saying, "Adversarial modes of thought are breaking down. But when we look around for collaborative models, we can't find any."

I suggested we stop looking only at patriarchal European-American traditions and try Native American ones, adding, "The founding fathers based much of the U.S. government on the Iroquois pattern."

"But," countered the speaker, "we're having problems with it."

"That's understandable," I said, "because the founding fathers left out a basic component the Iroquois always included—women."

. . . *The words from the myth that touch me most deeply are, "alone and grieving."* In the communal Cherokee culture, the worst curse one person could call down on another was not death, but loneliness. Perhaps it is the worst curse in any culture. "Alone and grieving . . ." As I travel about the country, how often I hear that feeling expressed. It is part of the modern, fragmented life. Surely we should draw from every available source to heal this condition.

Like earth and air, powerful medicines—the fruits of thought—cannot be owned by anyone. They are for sharing. Even the pain-dealing apple plays its part in the whole, which may be to spur us on in the evolution of the human spirit. Each of us carries in the basket of our mind the myths and symbols of many cultures. It would be unreasonable and unwise to suggest we shake them all out to make room for others. What we can do is lay alternatives among them. I offer the Cherokee strawberry, the healing myth of a people who, like our Mother Earth, have refused to die.

The strawberry myth is adapted from James Mooney's ***Myths and Sacred Formulas*** *of the Cherokee. An ethnologist from the Smithsonian, Mooney collected the myths during field studies among the Eastern Cherokees from 1887-1890.*

An Indian Walks In Me

An Indian walks in me.
She steps so firmly in my mind
that when I stand against the pine
I know we share the inner light
of the star that shines on me.
She taught me this, my Cherokee,
when I was a spindly child.
And rustling in dry forest leaves
I heard her say, "These speak."
She said the same of sighing wind,
of hawk descending on the hare
and Mother's care to draw
the cover snug around me . . .
of copperhead coiled on the stone
and blackberries warming in the sun—
"These speak." I listened . . .
Long before I learned the
universal turn of atoms, I heard
the Spirit's song that binds us
all as one. And no more
could I follow any rule
that split my soul.
My Cherokee left me no sign
except in hair and cheek
and this firm step of mind
that seeks the whole
in strength and peace.

—Marilou Awiakta

Marilou Awiakta

Test Cow

She'd like to be a friendly cow, I know.
But she's radioactive now and locked
behind a fence. It makes sense to use
her instead of us. But does she care
she cannot share her cream with me
to eat on apple tart? And does she know
she's "hot" and dying? It hurts my heart
that I can't even stroke her head
but as mother said,
radiation's just not friendly.

—Marilou Awiakta

*From **Abiding Appalachia** by Marilou Awiakta. Reprinted by permission of St. Luke's Press and the poet.*

— Marilou Awiakta —
Eye of the deer

Parks Lanier

She can discuss nuclear energy and environmental issues with scientists and scholars. She can play with Cherokee children at Red Clay, laughing and weeping with them over their common heritage. Her poetry is at home in *MS.* magazine and in the *Sonoma Mandala* in faraway California. But her roots are in Appalachia, in the mountains of East Tennessee and southwest Virginia. She is seventh generation highlander, counting on her European side. The generations of her Cherokee ancestry are uncountable, lost in the mists of the mountainside.

She was born in Knoxville during the great snowstorm of January 1936. Marilou Bonham. When she was nine, her parents went to live and work in Oak Ridge on the atomic frontier. She remembers the news from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And she writes about it. She received degrees in English and French from the University of Tennessee-Knoxville. Atop the Chimneys in the Great Smoky Mountains she agreed to marry medical student Paul Thompson. Marilou Bonham Thompson went to live in Memphis, where in 1978 St. Luke's Press published *Abiding Appalachia: Where Mountain and Atom Meet.*

For her life and work, she has chosen the emblem of Awi Usdi, sacred white deer of the Cherokee, leaping within the nucleus of an atom. And now she is Awiakta, "eye of the deer," the Cherokee name for the beautiful flower with golden petals and a dark center. A daisy; a day's eye. Clearly she sees how the orbits of her life are united: mother and writer, wife and philosopher, private woman and public person.

Marilou Awiakta resists labels, though many are attached to her. Her deep reverence for life makes her more than a "nuclear activist" or "environmentalist." Her concern for women and men makes her more than just a "feminist author." Awiakta explores all aspects of human life. She exalts the yearning spirit common to people striving to make life better.

Sometimes she looks back to the days of the ancient Cherokee. Sometimes she looks into the future with visionary delight. But most of all Marilou Awiakta looks to the potential of **now.** As she says in one of her poems, "no more can I follow any rule that splits my soul."

Like the atom, Marilou Awiakta's life and work have many parts, all powerful, energetic, and active. And like the atom they become one, united with brilliant fusion at a spiritual center where the White Deer leaps in ecstasy.

The fifth printing of *Abiding Appalachia* will soon be available from St. Luke's Press, Memphis. This important work by "the mother of atomic folklore" belongs on the shelf of every reader concerned that the atomic future might become our Trail of Tears.

What the Choctaw woman said

My husband is an alcoholic.
He went to the VA and he told them,
"My spirit is sick. I am dying."
They said, "You need tests. Go to the lab."
He came home.

Later he went back and told them again,
"My spirit is sick. I am dying."
"You need meaningful work," they said.
"Go to the social worker."
He came home.

The last time he went they
sent him to a psychiatrist.
When my husband told him, "My spirit is
sick. I am dying," the psychiatrist
said, "What do you mean by spirit?"

My husband came home. He'll never go back.
My only hope is to get him to a medicine man
but the great ones are in the West.
I don't have the money to take him.

The trouble is, most people look down on
us and our culture. It's harder on a man.
It kills his pride. For a woman it's not
as bad. We have to make sure the children
survive, no matter what.

If I stay with my husband, the children will
get sick in their spirits. They may die.
I have to leave him.

—Marilou Awiakta

*From **Abiding Appalchia** by Marilou Awiakta.*
Reprinted by permission of St. Luke's Press and the poet.

"Hell yes, we broke march going
over a bridge. We didn't want
to shake the damn thing down!"
—a veteran of Patton's Army

Memo To NASA . . .

I see your mocked-up plans:
stripmine the moon,
hang guns on stars.
You tramp into space
with a steady two-beat—
Con-quer . . . Con-quer . . .
Con-quer . . . Conquer . . .
Break march, brothers.
You shake the bridge
of the sky.

—Marilou Awiakta

Sequoyah
for Marilou Awiakta

He saw the white man unfold the fragile leaf,
Look upon its markings of the distant thoughts
Of other men, and know.

There was magic in this knowing;
From the leaf that spoke no words
Came power over tribes and men and nations,
And a spirit.

Letters he made tall like the mountain trees
Bent like the bow that does not break
Sharp like the arrow flying true
Subtle as shadows on turtle's shell.

In them were chanting by the winter fire,
Singing of women to children at night,
Laughter of lovers, scolding of wives,
War-lore, peace talk and prophecy.

Now his people could track their words,
Find them tomorrow swiftly as hunters
Who trail a deer on snow or stone,
Bringing it down in blood,
Praying to be forgiven.

—Parks Lanier

Fears and Challenges

Robert Youngdeer

The leader of the Eastern Band of the Cherokees, Robert Youngdeer, was elected principal chief in 1983. In this commencement address to the 1985 graduating class of the Southwestern Technical College, he gives an account of his background and his goals for the Cherokee people.

Asking me here tonight was a great challenge to me—to issue a challenge to you to take your hard-earned skills out into the communities, to provide services to the citizens and to provide for a better living for yourselves and your families.

I would challenge you to overcome any fear that you might have that would hinder you in making a success of your life.

I have felt fear many times, in fact I felt fear and misgivings after I accepted Dr. Myers invitation to speak here tonight. But it was a challenge to come here and I felt that I owed it to my people to be here tonight to represent them and to also challenge you to become better acquainted with the Cherokee who has been your neighbor for many, many years.

I was born in a valley about five ridges north of here in a place that no longer exists, a place called Ravensford, which is about two miles up the river from Cherokee.

When I was six years old I went to the old Indian boarding school which was semi-military and there I felt fear. Fear of being away from home and parents and the dread of older children who always seemed to be present to beat up smaller and more timid kids. As I grew older, there was the fear an athlete feels when he is engaged in contact sports.

In the South Pacific during WWII came the ultimate challenge. The fear of immediate death, the smells of the battlefield and the terrible feeling of being shot or blown away is not easily forgotten. Then to be wounded, hospitalized, made well and sent back into another campaign was a real challenge. But the challenge and fear of a job to be done was always there and accepted.

After 8 years in the Marine Corps, I joined the U.S. Army and served 12 years, 7 of which were in the paratroopers. Again there was the challenge and the fear—and the will to succeed.

After retirement from the military service, I found civilian life so monotonous that I entered Indian Law Enforcement and served about 13 years in this. Always the challenge and the fear. I retired from civil service—combining my military time—with a total of 33 years.

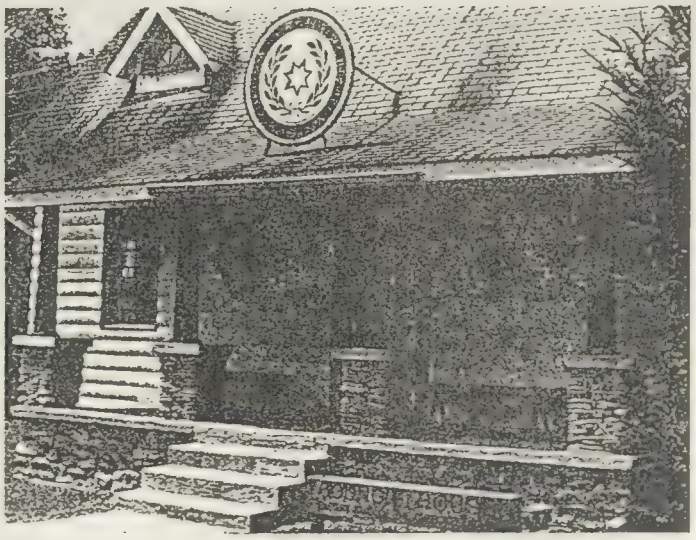
There is not a great bit of differences in my history than many other Cherokee Indians, nor, for that matter, not too different from our non-Indian neighbors.

The Cherokees in western North Carolina have been reservation Indians for at least 115 years. Isn't that a long time to be someone different? At one time we weren't accepted, but now through education and schools like Southwestern Tech and dedicated educators, we, like you, have accepted the challenge to excel and blend into the whole of American society.

September 1, 1983. I was selected to fill the highest position within the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians.

I had tried and failed to be selected to various parts within the tribal government on three occasions—always the challenge and fear. And I can tell you this is the most challenging job I have ever had. And like you I have accepted that challenge to perform to the best of my ability. Again, I congratulate you upon your graduation and I wish you the best in your lives—so long and God bless.

From ***Cherokee One Feather****, Tribal Council of the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Indians. August 28, 1985.*



Council house of the Eastern Band of the Cherokees, Cherokee, North Carolina.

Lloyd Carl Owle

For thousands of years, Cherokee artists have fashioned ceremonial pipes and small figurines from the satiny, blue-green or black stone known as pipestone. Lloyd Carl Owle is one of the few Cherokees who continues the traditional art of pipestone carving today. Born in the Birdtown community of the Qualla Boundary in western North Carolina, Mr. Owle learned from his grandfather how to chip stone into arrowheads and helped his father prepare bows and arrows for sale. As a youth he learned the stories of his tribe from Mose Owl, one of the last great Cherokee storytellers, who preserved the tribe's history and lore through the age-old myths and legends. "I spent many an hour watching Mose Owl carve pipes out of stone," Mr. Owle says. "All the things I heard and learned as a boy have had an influence in my work as a sculptor and woodcarver."

After studying with Amanda Crowe, the celebrated Cherokee carver and sculpture teacher at the Cherokee High School, Mr. Owle began creating carvings in pipestone, cherry, and walnut wood. His carvings of ceremonial masks, Corn maidens, eagle dancers, bear dancers, animals, and totemic symbols for the seven Cherokee clans are not easily understood by observers with only a casual knowledge of Cherokee history, religion, and mythology.

Where a thousand years ago a Cherokee carver would have used a deer antler or stone knife, today Mr. Owle works with wooden and metal mallets, chisels, hammers, and knives on the rare blue pipestone which is his favorite medium. The stone is difficult to find, turning up occasionally in scattered riverbeds, freshly plowed fields, and mountain logging roads in western North Carolina.

Lloyd Carl Owle's art is not entirely preoccupied with tribal history and legends, as people often expect from Cherokee artists. "I don't claim to be just mountain or just Cherokee," he says. "I like to create because it is a way of expressing what I see and believe. In this way, I can share the beauty, the sadness, the love of living with others. I can communicate with the poorest people on earth and bring a smile to their faces." Mr. Owle works in Cherokee as Field Director of Save the Children's Southeastern Indian Nations.

Tourism

has long been the Qualla Boundary's number-one industry. But what attracts tourists doesn't always have much to do with the history or culture of the people. The Cherokees have always obliged the expectations of the tourists by adopting some of the Western Indians' look (feather bonnets, teepees, ox-drawn covered wagons) and selling goods from a number of cultures.

Some of the highly commercial attractions of Cherokee, North Carolina can overshadow the offerings that show authentic Cherokee culture and history. The Museum of the Cherokee Indian, the outdoor drama "Unto These Hills," and the Oconaluftee Indian Village, a replica of a Cherokee community of 1750, allow the interested visitor to explore the world of an impressive, dignified people. A profusion of authentic and beautiful Cherokee arts and crafts can be seen and bought at many of the shops in Cherokee and at the cooperative gallery, the Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc.

Cherokee is located in a lush mountain setting of Western North Carolina, at the southern entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Hotels, motels and restaurants are numerous.

Vivienne Roberts

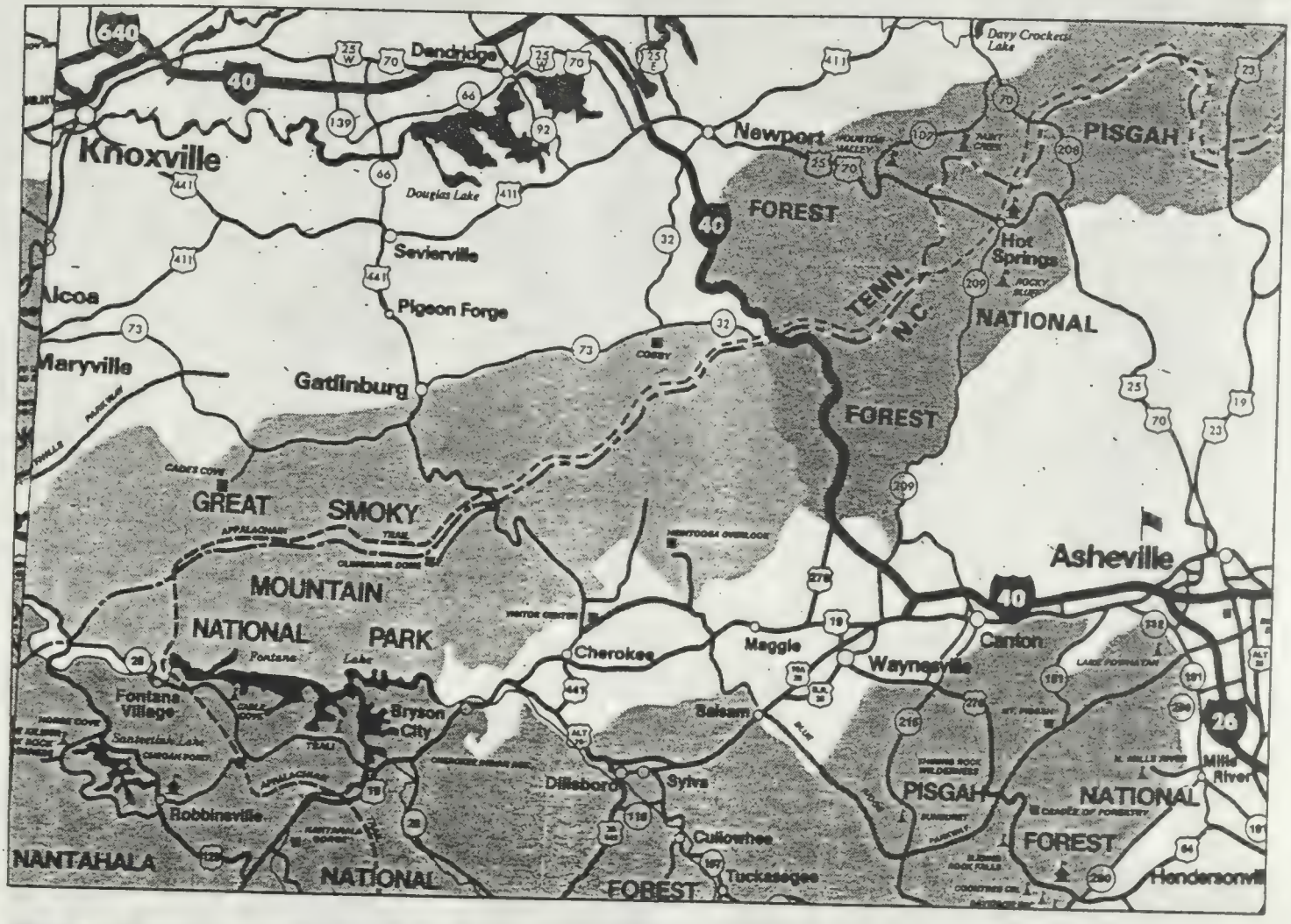
The main street of Cherokee, North Carolina, in 1945.

For more information about visiting Cherokee, write or call:

Cherokee Tribal Travel and Promotion
P. O. Box 465
Cherokee, North Carolina 28719
704-497-9195 or 1-800-438-1601

Kelly Edmund Barnett Courtesy of Jean Swan

Postcard of the 1940's.



Kelly Edmund Bennett Courtesy of Jean Swan

Cherokees posing in the early 1950's. L-R. Boyd Catolster, Richard Crowe and unidentified.

Rodney Webb

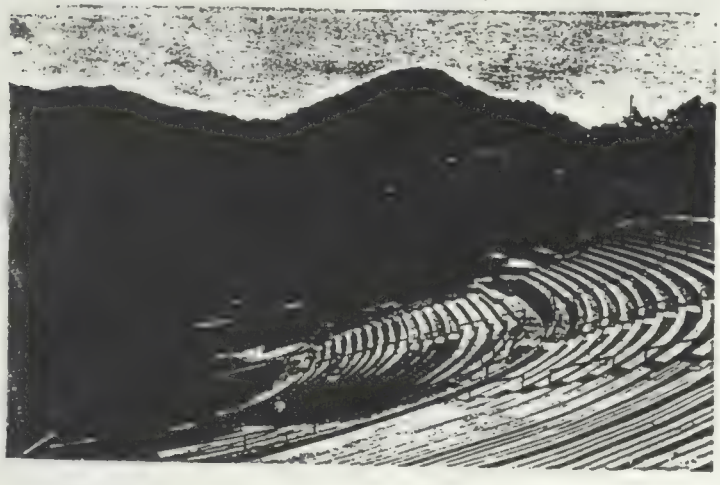
A family posing with Cherokee in costume, Cherokee, North Carolina, 1986.

Rodney Webb

Gift items, tourist shop, Cherokee, North Carolina.

Rodney Webb

The Indian Store, a gift shop in Cherokee, North Carolina, 1986.

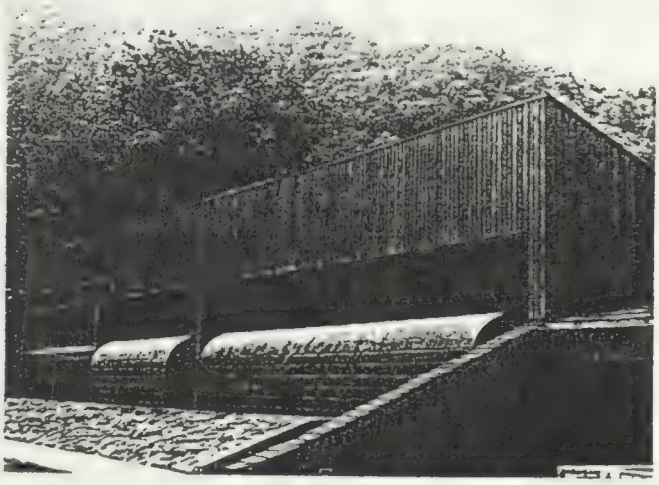


Kelly Edmund Bennett Courtesy of Jean Swan

The Mountainside Theater, home of the outdoor drama "Unto These Hills," has not changed appreciably since this photo was taken in the 1950's. Every night (except Sundays) throughout the summer, "Unto These Hills" with its cast of 130, traces the history of the Cherokee people.

The Museum of the Cherokee Indian

Duane H. King, Director



The museum of the Cherokee Indian was founded in 1948 with a collection of artifacts housed in a log building in Cherokee, North Carolina. Plans to build a museum that would provide a lasting monumental tribute to Cherokee culture and history were first formulated in 1952. The culmination of the years of diligent work resulted in the present million-dollar structure housing collections and displays valued at more than one-half-million dollars. The new museum opened its doors to the public on June 15, 1976, with the dedication coinciding with the nation's bicentennial celebration on July 4th.

Through innovative displays and multimedia theaters, the museum presents the Cherokee story from the time of the first Americans through the millenia to the present. It provides an opportunity to relive Cherokee history and share the experiences of Cherokee culture. The museum is open year-round to serve area school groups, religious organizations and social clubs in addition to the large numbers of seasonal visitors.

The premier issue of ***The Journal of Cherokee Studies,*** *published by the Museum of the Cherokee Indian, appeared in the summer of 1976 and featured Mr. King's complete story of the history of the Museum.*

REVIEWS

The Eastern Band of Cherokees, 1819-1900

by John R. Finger

University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1984. $24.95 cloth, $12.50 paper.

William L. Anderson

Although there are numerous general works on the Cherokees, little has been written solely on the Eastern Band. The only history devoted to these Cherokees who remained in the East after the removal was James Mooney's brief account, published in 1900 as part of his larger anthropological work. It is now seriously dated.

Those already familiar with the Eastern Band will understand why John Finger's starting date of 1819 is a most logical one. In that year a United States treaty with the Cherokees "led to the separation of a number of Indians from the main body of Cherokees, and they became the progenitors of the Eastern Band."

Finger successfully challenges the legend that the Eastern Band avoided removal solely through the martyrdom of Tsali. The 1819 treaty allowed the United States to exchange Indian land primarily in North Carolina and Tennessee for a large area in the West. In addition to paying the tribe for all improvements on the surrendered land, the treaty stipulated that the head of a Cherokee family could remain in the ceded area by applying for citizenship and a 640 acre reservation. Most Cherokees simply chose to relocate in what remained of the eastern tribal lands, but some fifty family heads registered for reservations. Many of these reservees settled along the Oconaluftee River and became the nucleus of the Eastern Band of Cherokees. In spite of the Treaty of Echota in 1835 and the forced removal in 1838, these Oconaluftee Indians had a legal right to remain in North Carolina by the 1819 treaty and an implied right by a state statute which sought to protect from fraud the Indians who remained behind after removal.

Although Tsali was not solely responsible for the survival of the Eastern Band, he was important in the non-removal of a number of Cherokee. Euchella and his band of about 60 Cherokees, which captured Tsali, and some 200 other Cherokees still hidden in the mountains became principal additions to the Oconaluftee Indian nucleus.

A major portion of Finger's book rightfully deals with the "white chief" William Holland Thomas. Thomas was well-liked by the Cherokees and was adopted by Yonaguska (Drowning Bear), a prominent chief. Thomas soon became their legal advisor and dedicated most of his life to helping the North Carolina Cherokees avoid removal and by personally buying up the acreage which makes up most of their reservation today. He even led a Cherokee regiment which fought for the South in the Civil War. The importance of Thomas is also seen by the period of tribal factionalism brought on in the absence of his leadership after the Civil War. Thomas truly deserves the title, "the best friend the Cherokees ever had."

Finger develops the theme that the "Eastern Band endured a precarious and anomalous legal status vis-a-vis their white neighbors, the state of North Carolina and the federal government." Finger leads us through the repeated attempts to persuade the Cherokees to join their Western brothers. Although North Carolina officially recognized the Cherokees as permanent residents after the Civil War, the Eastern Band were shuffled back and forth between federal and state jurisdiction. In 1855 North Carolina Governor Bragg declared that the Cherokees were not citizens and the 1868 United States Congress formally recognized them as a distinct tribe (under the supervision of the Department of Interior). Eighteen years later, in 1886, the Supreme Court (mistakenly) contended that the Eastern Cherokees had never been recognized as a tribe and in fact were citizens of North Carolina; yet thirteen years later (1897) a Circuit Court of Appeals declared that the Indians were not citizens, they were in fact a tribe. The ambiguous legal status of the Cherokees continued throughout the 19th century. Finger has aptly selected 1900 as a cutoff date for this volume because in that year authorities implemented the 1897 decision and refused to allow the Cherokees to vote. Throughout the vacillating legal status, during which there were attempts at removal, deliberate fraud of annuities by government officials and lost or stolen land deeds, the Cherokees remained "quasi-citizens and quasi-wards." In spite of these problems and efforts toward acculturation—adopting white man's ways—these Native Americans were somehow able to retain their Cherokee identity (Finger's second theme).

John Finger's work combines qualities not often found in an academic book—it is a piece of high scholarship and is eminently readable. Not only can any layperson or scholar interested in Native Americans and Cherokees enjoy Finger's work, his book is already the standard text for the Eastern Band of Cherokees.

Here I am Ancient Ones
I can see you clearly
Here you are Ancient Ones
Tho' you cannot be here
Except inside books binding covers
I'm with you Ancient Ones
Tho' I cannot leave here
I hold keys unlocking enlightment
I know who I am
My heart feels truly free
Thank you my elder ones
For life's song of heritage
Happy my spirit sings continuously
Thank you for your days
Your life your enlightening ways
Sing with me Ancient Ones
Unselfishly I'll share this heritage
Proud we are one together
I know who I am
My heart is proudly free
I proudly sing our song
My infinite song of heritage
Enlighten me forever Ancient Ones
My soul shall sing eternally

— Shirley Catt Lincoln

Tellico Archaeology: 12,000 Years of Native American History

by Jefferson Chapman

University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1985. $16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper.

Anne Frazer Rogers

During a period of fourteen years, the University of Tennessee was involved in archaeological research in the 16,500 acre Tellico Reservoir in East Tennessee. Within this area, and in the 22,000 acres adjacent to the shoreline, more than 60 archaeological sites were recorded. A number of these are attributable to Cherokee occupation. In *Tellico Archaeology*, Jefferson Chapman provides a synthesis of the prehistory of the area and of the research done there.

Chapman's purpose in writing this book was to provide to the public information about research done with Federal funds, a goal not often attained by archaeologists. To achieve this end, the book provides basic background information about archaeology's goals and techniques as well as descriptions of the actual research done in the reservoir.

In his first chapter, Chapman describes the objectives of archaeology and discusses techniques used to uncover the archaeological record. He explains the importance of materials such as charcoal, bone, and preserved plant remains in interpreting the prehistoric past, and stresses the need for controlled scientific excavation as opposed to "artifact collecting." Chapman also emphasizes the important information which can be provided by human skeletal remains in reconstructing prehistoric diet, disease, and social differentiation.

Succeeding chapters describe the history of the Tellico Project and discuss the geological and environmental background of this section of East Tennessee. Chapman points out that the climatic and environmental conditions which exist today are relatively recent developments, and also reminds us that the native inhabitants of the area lived in an extensively forested environment in many ways different from that which we know at the present time.

Following this presentation of background material, Chapman proceeds to discuss the occupation of the area during the four archaeological periods used by archaeologists to define major cultural stages in prehistoric times. These divisions have been established according to differences in technology settlement patterns, and resource exploitation.

The first of these, the Paleo-Indian, is poorly represented in the materials recovered during this project. However, Chapman feels that this is due to the fact that these sites would have been relatively infrequent to begin with, and would have been subject to destruction by flooding and other natural agencies.

The succeeding period, the Archaic, is much better represented. Using innovative excavation techniques, Chapman uncovered a number of sites dating to this period. One of these, Bacon Bend, contained evidence of the earliest known cultivated plant from this area. At the Bacon Bend site, carbonized squash rinds were recovered from a hearth with a radio-carbon date of 2400 B.C.

The next archaeological period, the Woodland, is characterized by the manufacture of pottery, the construction of burial mounds, by an increase in intentional planting of crops, and by the introduction of corn. Settled villages appear at this time, and status differentiation becomes more pronounced.

In the final prehistoric period, the Mississippian, the life styles which began during the Woodland period continued, but new elements appear as well. Villages become larger, agriculture becomes more extensive, and political organization becomes more complex. Large earthen mounds were constructed to serve as bases for public buildings and sometimes for the residences of elite members of the society. True chiefdoms emerged, with political power extending over larger areas than had been the case during the Woodland period. Towns which served as economic and religious centers developed, and warfare played an important part in the establishment and maintenance of territorial boundaries.

This was the culture encountered by the first European explorers in the area. In 1540, Hernando DeSoto traveled through East Tennessee, and in the 1560's Juan Pardo led another expedition through the area. This was the beginning of the end for a way of life which had developed over a 10,000 year span.

Native Americans continued to live in this area, however, and the final occupation by aboriginal peoples was that of the Cherokee. Chapman feels that the Cherokee may have been relatively recent arrivals, having come across the western slope of the Appalachians from what is today North and South Carolina.

Because there are a number of historic accounts describing these Cherokee towns, the Tellico Project was able to use ethnohistoric data to provide specific interpretations of the archaeological remains in a way that is frequently not possible. Along with the excavation of Cherokee towns such as Toqua and Chota, the project also excavated the historic sites of Fort Loudon and Tellico Blockhouse.

Chapman has done an admirable job of presenting an overview of the archaeological research conducted during the Tellico Project. His text is clear and understandable to the non-professional reader, and whenever possible he uses specific sites to illustrate the characteristics of each cultural period. Drawings and photographs are appropriate to the text and clearly labeled. His inclusion of a list of suggested readings provides a source of further information on specific topics mentioned in the book.

Tellico Archaeology is an excellent choice for anyone interested in the prehistory of East Tennessee. It is understandable without being condescending, and incorporates technical data in such a way that interpretation is both plausible and interesting. It would be good to see more publications of this type, since public education is one of the strongest deterrents to destruction of archaeological resources. Perhaps also an increased understanding of those earlier Appalachian inhabitants will lead to a greater appreciation of the Appalachia that we inhabit today.

Cherokee land lottery

(Tale of the Cherokee land disposal)

The rugged Cherokee land,
vast towering mountains—
blue-vaulted from valley wall
to valley wall—
was surveyed
and by lottery disposed.
The land was gamboled,
with frolicking
before the centuries
wrote the handwriting
on the wall.

— Grace Cash

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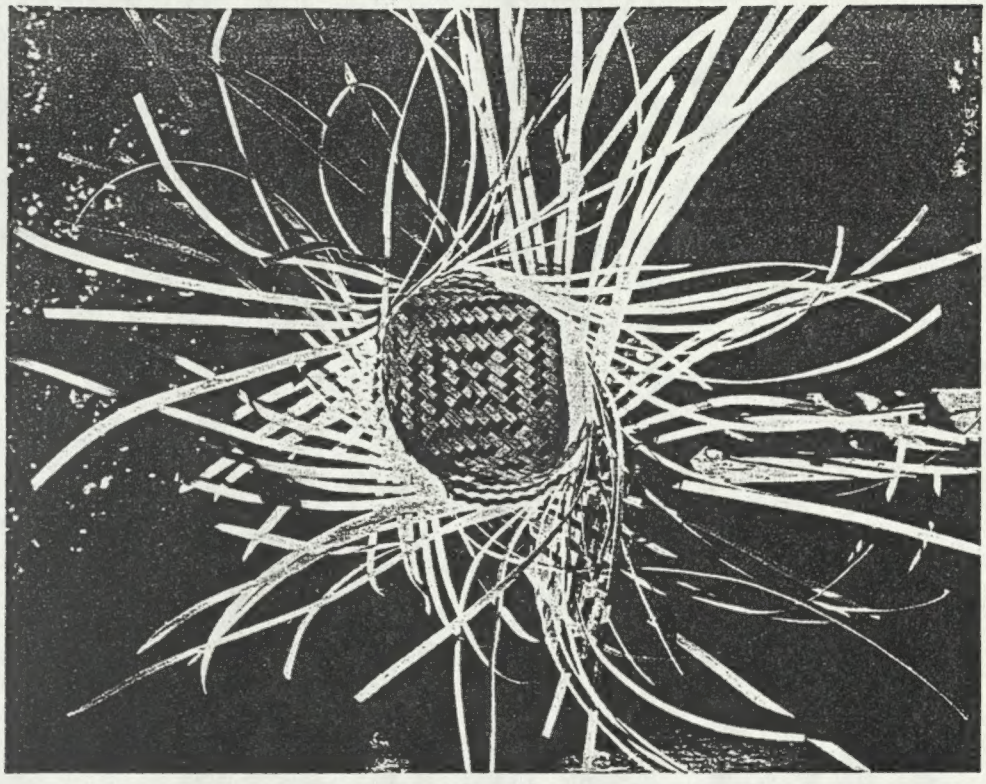

Contributors

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Marilou Awiakta's books, *Abiding Appalachia: Where Mountain and Atom Meet, Rising Fawn and the Fire Mystery* (St. Luke's Press) were chosen by the U.S. Information Agency for the 1985 global tour of their show, "Women and the Contemporary World." Recently, Awiakta has written for *Homewords, Touchstone, Ideals, Southern Exposure* and *These are Our Voices* (Oak Ridge anthology); she was on Alex Haley's panel for the Tennessee Literary Arts Festival. Awiakta is Ambassador-at-Large and a founder of the Far Away Cherokee Association of Memphis.

Grace Cash has contributed poetry to *Appalachian Heritage, Cumberland, Dog River Review,* and *Nantucket Review*. She is also author of the novels *Promise Unto Death* (Herald Press) and *Highway's Edge* (Moody Press).

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Now and Then, the magazine of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University, is published three times a year by the Center. Subscriptions are $7.50 per year ($10.00 for institutions and libraries).

Submissions of poetry, fiction, scholarly and personal essays, graphics and photographs concerned with Appalachian life are welcomed if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. We will be careful but not responsible for all materials. Address all correspondence to: Editor, **Now and Then**, CASS, Box 19180A, ETSU, Johnson City, TN 37614-0002.

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G. B. Chiltoskey stands by the Seal of the Cherokee Nation that he carved in 1976 for the Museum of the Cherokee Indian, Cherokee, North Carolina.

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